TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

Unless rumor is seriously misinforming the public, the Hon. Minister of Customs must wish he had taken Sam Weller's advice to "bevare of vidders." On the other hand the lady in question seems to have a genuine grievance, inasmuch as the trousseau has to be laid away unworn, and the icing on the wedding cake is to remain unbroken. One can hardly imagine how the staid and cautious Cabinet Minister who has withstood the shock of thousands of tariff-kickers and held his own against the assaults of the Opposition battalions until his hair is whitened, could be so rash as to make hasty promises or so impulsive as to fix on a wedding day before he knew his "'art was true to Poll." Love seems to be an impulse which grey hairs cannot hide and the frosts of many winters cannot chill. Recent experiences, however, indicate that love at first sight, when it comes to a sight so aged that it needs to be assisted by spectacles, is rather a dangerous attack and is apt to wane as suddenly as it waxed. The whole episode puts me in mind of the old school boy distich:

"Love cometh from above,
Lights like a dove
On some;
Some it never hits
But it scatters all their wits,
And gives them particular fits,
By gum!"

* * *

Without knowing particularly much of the merits of the case I cannot help but sympathize with Parnell in his desire to have his libel suit tried in Scotland. I have had enough experience of trials undertaken in a locality where public feeling is opposed to one of the litigants to believe in the impossibility of an absolutely fair hearing, no matter how much both judge and jury are inclined to be just. Where public sentiment is rancorously opposed to a man, where his motives are suspected, his actions misconstrued, his purpose opposed by the national spirit of those who surround him, he is taking desperate chances of getting the worst of it. The *Times* would not like to have the trial held in Dublin because there public feeling would all be opposed to it; it is not unreasonable then that Mr. Parnell should dislike to have his trial in London, where he will find little sympathy. The trial in Scotland, we have reason to presume, will afford them both fair play. Without knowing much about it I think if I were in Parnell's place I would not want to be the object of a commission in which my judges would have an opportunity of raking the kingdom with a fine tooth-comb to find evidence to damage me. I don't think there is a man in Canada who could afford to be brought into court for a general trial, while the prosecutors have the privilege of calling witnesses to testify to what he has done, where he has been and what he has said from his childhood up. Unless a man had been very circumspect he would be liable to be confronted with a great many disagreeable things, even if he were acquitted on the main charge. A party of Texan vigilantes, so a story says, once captured an alleged horse-thief and tried him in Judge Lynch's court. They acquitted him on the charge of horse stealing, but ordered him to be hanged for "general cussedness;" and it seems to me Parnell has reason to fear some such verdict as this.

* * *

The trial of skill in operating writing-machines at the Shorthand Writers' Convention proved conclusively that when a woman comes into competition with a man where physical strength is not so much required as nerve and manual dexterity she can defeat her masculine competitor. Miss Orr's success should encourage that large and ever-increasing class of young women who are taking possession of so many positions where shorthand and typewriting are needed. This business seems to offer special advantages to the intelligent young woman. It is more pleasant and requires greater intellectuality than is required behind a counter, and the fact that women are capable of as much and as excellent work as men having been demonstrated they will no doubt almost monopolize that class of work and claim it as much their right as they now do sewing and embroidery. This is hardly a pleasant outlook for the masculine stenographer, but he can comfort himself with the idea that by special training he will retain all such work as requires wider knowledge than womanhood will take the trouble to acquire, and be preferred in all those offices and businesses where a woman would find it inconvenient and prove an inconvenience.

* * *

An effort, however, is being made to frighten both men and women stenographers with the phonograph, which, it is alleged, will make shorthand unnecessary. It is very doubtful if this generation will ever reach that high point of self-possession and mental training whereby they will be able to talk with any enthusiasm or grace of diction into an unresponsive rubber mouthpiece with no more inspiration in it than a piece of garden hose.

* * *

A story is going the rounds of the press this week about a young woman who replied to an advertisement wherein an unknown man voiced his desire to make the acquaintance of some young lady—"object matrimony." They corresponded as boys sometimes trade jack-knives—"on sight and unseen," until the silly thing thought she was in love, and promised to marry the man, who was very likely a first-class rascal. Her father very properly, on learning the facts, put a stop to the nonsense, whereupon she committed suicide. It was, perhaps, better for everyone concerned that she did. The father may have been abrupt and unfeeling in the method he took to disabuse her mind of her romantic notions, but everyone who is responsible for the conduct of a family must feel that he had a hard job bringing up a daughter who hadn't any more sense than to answer one of those absurd and dangerous advertisements whereby girls are so often led to ruin. Such things may begin in an innocent, though silly, desire to "have fun," but they often end in tragedies more sorrowful and in doings more dishonorable than the insane ending of that poor girl's life.

* * *

Nothing nauseates me more than those personal advertisements, in which "Sadie" is invited to meet the young man who has not known a moment's happiness since he last saw her, in some dark and unfrequented street. The mark of the devil is so plainly on it that one is surprised that even romantic innocence is ever misled. It is full of suggestions of deception, sneaking and shame. Clandestine meetings and surreptitious correspondence are the favorite means which scoundrels employ to allure innocents into their net.

* * *

Then again we see advertisements in which "The lady with red feathers in her hat who attracted the attention of the 'gent' on the Island" is invited to send her name and address that she may the more easily become the victim of his intentions. It is possible in isolated instances that acquaintanceships formed in this way may end harmlessly, but in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand two fools or a fool and a knave meet. No respectable newspaper should permit its columns to be used for such a purpose, and discreet parents should forbid the entrance into their family of any journal which gives prominence to announcements of this class. Girls are very often lonely and desire amusement, sentimental and hope for a lover, thoughtless and desire adventures, and seeing such advertisements sometimes tempts them to have "a little fun." Girls, too, frequently have a craze to "get letters," and this seems to be a promising way of increasing the supply. The same gambling spirit which leads men to invest in margins on stocks and lottery tickets inspires girls to take these chances, forgetting that their imprudence may lose them something much more valuable than money or involve them in meshes more ruinous than bankruptcy.

* * *

The Imperial Federationists received a very broad and emphatic hint at the French Canadian demonstration in Joliette, when Sir Hector Langevin took pains to announce his opposition to any scheme which even remotely might threaten the local self-government of Canada and its provinces. He voiced the opinion of the French Canadians when he expressed his satisfaction with the existing state of affairs, and thought it wise to let well enough alone. Hon. Mr. Chapleau went further. French Canadians, he said, had a double allegiance—their love for France and their loyalty to England. Had the Hon. Mr. Chapleau expressed his own feeling, and what he knows to be the sentiments of his people, he would have said that Quebec has now altogether too much English in its government and is much more closely connected with Great Britain than is desirable. I haven't much faith in such double-barrelled loyalty, nor do I believe a people are truly loyal to a country, the language of which they refuse to speak, the laws of which they will not accept in place of their own, the customs of which they despise, the religion of which they hold to be heresy, the flag of which on all *fete* days is given an inferior place to the tri-color. While they may not be loyal to England, it is possible for them to be patriotic, and in a sectional sense they are, while in a broadly Canadian sense they are not. They have never been willing to bear their share of the Dominion burden nor to consent to the expenditure of money in any province, no matter how necessary to the public good, unless a large grant be made to the public works in their own province.

* * *

The Hon. Mr. Chapleau took especial pains to call attention to Sir Hector's opposition to Imperial Federation and appeared anxious to make all those who heard him witnesses of his colleague's declaration. Now that the colors have been nailed so distinctly to the Quebec mast, the English speaking Canadian will begin to wonder what our French citizens and *habitant* brothers are afraid of and more than ever to suspect the lip loyalty which has long passed current as the genuine article. If there is anything calculated to boom Imperial Federation in Ontario it is the opposition of French Canada to such a programme.

* * *

Many thoughtful men, thoroughly loyal and British in their ideas, have begun to feel that the only way to settle the French Canadian question is by annexation to the United States whereby in that large country the French Canadian influence would be lost in the multitude of votes. Though I earnestly oppose their plan I can understand their logic. No other way out of the difficulty had suggested itself until Imperial Federationists put forward the claim that the over-bearing power of Quebec could be counteracted by a union of the colonies with the Kingdom and the effectual sinking of the *habitant* vote into the millions of Great Britain, Ireland, Australia and the other colonies. The adoption of this idea seems to affirm the view that there is no cure within ourselves of French Canadian ascendancy. This is rather dangerous ground to take unless the Federationists are sure that in a popular vote it would be found that English speaking Canadians would express the view that they have more common interests with and stronger impulses towards Great Britain than towards the Republic to the south of us. It will be wise if the Imperial Federationists do not declare that there are only two horns to the dilemma, lest the Canadians accept the Republican rather than the Imperialistic way out of the difficulty.

* * *

This warning is suggested by the British Board of Trade returns which, in the face of numerous signs of a solid revival of business, show a decrease of 11½ per cent. in the exports to Canada during July, and 15½ per cent. for the last seven months. The imports from Canada have decreased 20½ per cent. for July, and 18½ per cent. for the seven months of 1888. What accentuates this remarkable showing is the declaration that this decrease takes place while the general colonial trade of Great Britain shows a remarkable expansion. These figures seem to indicate that the community of interests commercially speaking, between Great Britain and Canada is decreasing. This is not encouraging to Imperial Federationists, nor can they find any comfort in the refusal of Cape Colony's Legislative Council to establish a South African customs union. Everywhere self-government is localizing itself within narrower lines, and in the case of Canada its manufactures have been so well established that our country is least of all dependent on the mother country or any other land. Does not this indicate that, if we as a people can agree amongst ourselves, we have a national future with sufficient diversity of climate and production to enable us to live almost within ourselves.

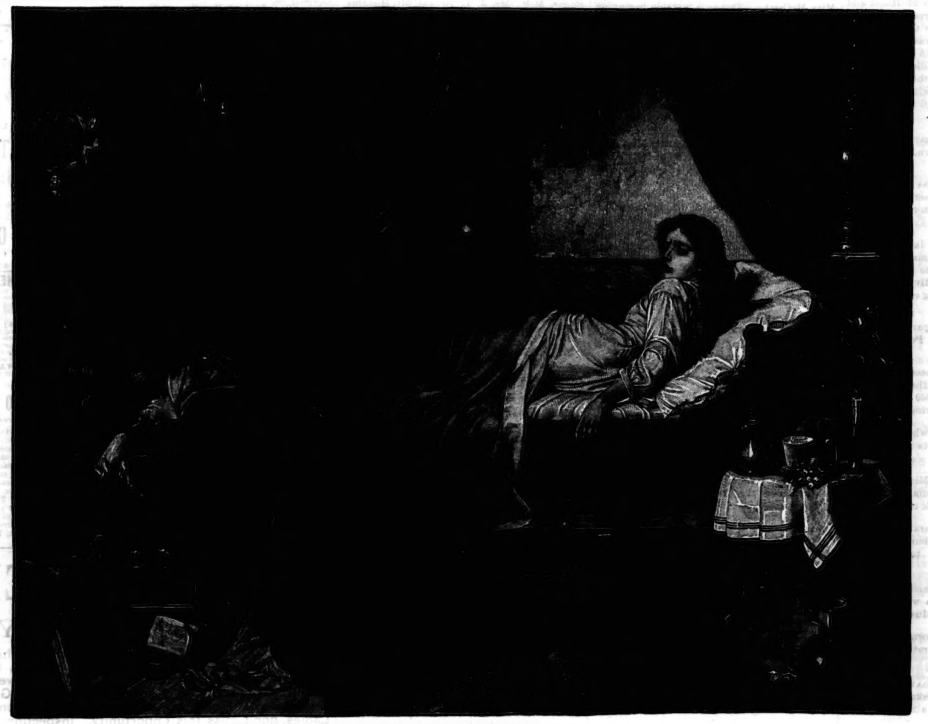
* * *

The young Liberals' demonstration at Oakville on Monday last proved that the Grit party in Dominion politics have still some clever men and that the young Liberals can boast of talent worthy of more encouragement than it has ever received from the old heads of the party. Aside from this it was an empty, bombastic show. That Mr. Waldie has declared for unrestrained reciprocity indicates that the party to day proposes to make that its policy, but its unsteadiness of purpose makes an early abandonment of the project likely. Some time ago a policy was about all the Liberals lacked; Mr. Blake was at least acknowledged by all the wings of the party as the leader and the whole country confessed to his ability while thoroughly aware that he lacked courage and knowledge of men. Now the Grit party has a policy which divides rather than unites the party, and in Mr. Laurier they have a leader they know to be utterly unfit for the position, despite his many admirable qualities as a man, and more than ever in Canadian history they are disorganized, disheartened and disreputable. They are so thoroughly bankrupt in principle, so utterly insolvent with regard to their past promises that nothing can save them but an assignment, and I would suggest Uncle Joe Rymal as the receiver. He, with the shotgun he shouldered at Oakville, and Mr. Laurier, with the musket he was willing to carry on the Saskatchewan, could close up the party account by shooting each other full of wind. If the Grit party by going through the bankruptcy court could get rid of the barnacles which have fastened themselves upon it and elect as a leader a man who is not entirely a clam, they might hope under a new name and with a new stock to begin business over again with some chances of success.

* * *

One thing about the Fisheries debate and the anti-Canadian campaign of the Republicans is that Canada is receiving a first-class advertisement. The Yankees as a rule hardly know there is such a place as Canada, but since Senators Sherman, Fry, Evarts, Cullom, Hoar, Ingalls and that ilk have, in their desire to embarrass President Cleveland, roared and ranted about the growing greatness of this Dominion as threatening the future of the United States, our republican neighbors will begin to think we amount to something. They are afraid of our fishermen, of our railways, of our manufactories, of the aggressive impulses of our nationality, and hereafter the much-despised Canuck will be received in Yankeedom with a good deal of respect—respect, too, which the Canadian thoroughly deserves, and which he in every instance should insist on receiving. So warm has the debate grown that the senators are talking about asking England to hand Canada over to their tender mercies. If Jonathan wants to do any asking, he had better make his proposals to the daughter before he bothers going to the mamma.

DON.



THE LAST HOUR.

Our "Family Herald" Stories.

This week the first chapters of Missing appear in SATURDAY NIGHT. As was announced last week, by an arrangement with the *Family Herald*, the celebrated English family paper, all its stories are to be published in these columns at the same time as they appear in England.

These high-class stories will no doubt give unbounded satisfaction. While full of interest they cannot be suspected of injurious sensationalism or the slightest impropriety. They will appear in much larger instalments than hitherto has been the rule. Everyone interested in fiction should begin their perusal and call the attention of friends to them.

Nothing is so uncertain as the minds of the multitude.—*Livy.*

No man ever did a designed injury to another without doing a greater to himself—*Henry Home.*

The passionate are like men standing on their heads; they see all things the wrong way.—*Plato.*

Surf Him Right.

She was nearly nineteen,
A society queen,
And of course quite a leader of fashion:
She was pretty and sweet,
And her figure was neat,
And her eyes were aglow with Love's passion.

She'd of lovers a host,
And she often would boast
Of the number of fellows who sought her:
They thought her divine
And they knelt at her shrine
And asked the old man for his daughter.

When weary with balls,
And her afternoon calls,
Of the Park, and lawn-tennis, and flirting.
For the sea-side she'd start
With the hope in her heart
That she'd find life at Long Branch diverting.

But she could not agree
With the swells of the sea,
Who were not like the dudes of the city,
And she never cou'd trace
In their figure or face
Anything that was graceful or pretty.

But she once gave a snub
To a man like a tub
Who, while bathing, desired to escort her;
When she said: "I much fear
Such a barrel of beer
Would sink and not float on the water!"

Texas Siftings.

Society.

The summer exodus from Paris generally sets in directly after the running of the Grand Prix, but your true-born Parisian can seldom bear any lengthened absence from the city of his affections, and in consequence there is always something of interest to be seen and heard in the gay city of many bridges. Amongst other events which are of especial interest to Canadians is the marriage of Miss Mary Wood, a daughter of the late Hon. Chief Justice Wood of Manitoba, to M. Emile Ambiard of Paris, which was celebrated in that city on July 25. The witnesses for the bride were Hon. Hector Fabre, officer of the Legion of Honor, Companion of the Order of St. Michael and St. George and High Commissioner for Canada in France, and M. Ovide Perrault, Knight of the Legion of Honor and ex-consul of France at Montreal. The witnesses for the bridegroom were Count Charles de Losse, whose grandfather was a companion of Lafayette and Rochambeau in the American war of independence, and M. Billiet, Councillor-General for the Department of the North. The honeymoon is being spent in Switzerland, after which the happy couple will sail for Canada in September.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Austin Smith have been spending a few days at Port Cockburn, returning on Tuesday last.

*

Miss Florence Adam and Miss Maude Adam are amongst the guests at Fraser's Hotel, Port Cockburn. Mr. G. Mercer Adam returned from Muskoka on Tuesday last.

*

A *fancy dress* ball was held last Monday at Yohe on Lake Joseph, the summer residence of Mr. Playfair, at which some fifty or sixty costumes appeared. It is hardly necessary to say that burnt cork and boating costumes were in the ascendant.

*

Miss Grace Boulton and a party of friends were at the Prospect House, Port Sandfield, last Saturday.

*

Some idea of the attractiveness of Muskoka as a summer resort may be gathered from the fact that there are fully 2,500 people from Toronto alone who are summering there.

*

Professor Goldwin Smith, who is in Vancouver, B. C., this week, expects to be in town about the first of the month.

*

Mrs. Goldwin Smith and Miss Crooks returned to town on Thursday from a two weeks' visit to Boston and the Atlantic coast.

*

Dr. Johnson and Mr. Myers are making Fraser's Hotel at Port Cockburn the headquarters of their expedition to the fishing grounds beyond Rosseau.

*

Rev. T. C. Street-Macklem and Mrs. Macklem left on Tuesday last for a week's visit at Col. Fred Denison's island in Muskoka.

*

Col. G. T. Denison was in town for a couple of days this week, but has returned to his island home in Muskoka.

*

A correspondent of SATURDAY NIGHT saw Rev. D. J. Macdonald at Muskoka wharf on Tuesday last, looking as only a man can look when on his holiday trip.

*

Mr. George Lindsay, the enterprising impresario of cricketing tours, had a picnic on Friday of last week at his pretty farm on the banks of the Humber at Weston. Many of his friends both cricketing and feminine spent a very pleasant afternoon and evening, and enjoyed the drive back to town at an hour which proclaimed their good entertainment.

*

Mrs. and Miss Cayley left town th s week for their island on Lake Rosseau.

*

Miss Yarker spent this week in town after a long absence on Georgian Bay.

*

Mr. Yarker went on Monday to the Atlantic coast for a few weeks. Mr. Yarker's favorite game at the grounds which knew him so well, will languish in his absence.

*

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Dickson have left town to stay a short time at Niagara-on-the-Lake before they return to Galt.

*

The eleven of the Toronto Cricket Club who visited Orillia and Bracebridge on Saturday and Monday last respectively enjoyed a very pleasant outing. The rocky and undulating ground at the latter place has led them to speak of their experience on it as a jovial picnic rather than a cricket match.

*

Mr. Eddy Jones, who has been residing in England for two or three years past, is once more at home.

*

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Parsons of Victoria, B.C., are staying at the Island.

Miss Small has again crossed the lake to Niagara, and is staying at the Queen's Royal.

*

If report errs not, another interesting engagement is the product of Muskoka. The foundation for this amatory rumor seems to be pretty good, only not quite good enough to admit of my publishing the names.

*

Mr. Edward Boyd sailed in this week's Allan liner for a month or two in Europe.

*

Almost before society has had time to realize that the climax of the exodus has been reached and that there are indeed few left to go, the first note of return has been sounded and the good ship Vancouver has this week brought safely home from Europe Sir David and Lady Macpherson, Mr. Percival F. Ridout and Mrs. Ridout, Mr. and Mrs. D'Alton McCarthy and Miss McCarthy. This is a notable beginning of the turning of the flood, and it is pleasant to feel that two houses, at all events, which have lately been closed, are once more to be opened by their hospitable owners.

*

The largest party of the large contingent of Toronto people who have gone far to the west this summer, have returned from the coast of British Columbia as far as Banff, where they will make some stay. Mrs. Albert Nordheimer, Miss Jones, Mrs. Hamilton Merritt, Miss Kate Merritt, Mr. Hamilton Merritt, and Mr. Cecil Gibson are of this company. A smaller party have been tempted to brave the somewhat long and uncomfortable voyage from Victoria to the coast of Alaska, with fishing and mountain-climbing as their incentives in addition to the prospect of the magnificent scenery of that coast. An account of their exploits is anxiously awaited.

*

The Rev. the Dean of Trinity College, has gone to the Atlantic coast.

*

Miss Montgomery of Port Hope is staying with Mr. Albert Nordheimer at the Island. Miss Maud Vankoughnet is at present keeping house for her brother-in-law, Mr. Nordheimer. Canon McRae of Winnipeg is also a guest at this island house.

*

Mr. and Mrs. Helmuth of London, Ont., and their family, are at present occupying Messrs. H. D. Gamble and Tilley's house at the Island during the absence of these gentlemen at the sea. Mr. and Mrs. Helmuth are to make only a short stay, but will return at the end of the month to be present at the championship tournament of the Toronto Lawn Tennis Club.

*

Captain and Mrs. Grant have returned to town.

*

Mr. and Mrs. James Reid have left for the west, but talk of returning in the fall to take a house here for the winter.

*

Mrs. Strachan and the Misses Strachan of Trinity College left this week for Muskoka.

*

Messrs. Darling and Herman Boulton are the guests of Mrs. Beverley Robinson at her island in Lake Joseph. A party from this island made the arduous crossing from Lake Muskoka to the Georgian Bay in canoes. Arduous because it takes two complete days to accomplish it, and portages are numerous and long.

*

Miss Fraser of Kingston is staying with her sister, Mrs. Yarker, on Beverley street.

*

The eleven Irish cricketers who sailed in the Sardinian last week should, if all has gone well, be landing at Quebec to-day. The Toronto Cricket Club are making great preparations for their hospitable entertainment at the end of the month and for the match against them on the 30th, 31st and 1st of September. Doubts as to whether the great tennis player, Mr. W. D. Hamilton, is among their number, have been set at rest by a cable which included his name in the list. It is thought certain that he, and probably one or two more of the Irishmen, will enter for the T. L. T. C. championship in the first week of September.

*

Apart from this very great attraction, there is every prospect that the lawn tennis tournament will be of unusual interest this year, as the entries from the States are already far more numerous than usual. If it becomes known in the east that Mr. Hamilton is to play here, still more of the crack American players will, no doubt, be tempted to come and try their metal against the Irish champion.

*

Mrs. Wragge and the Misses Wragge are staying at the Beaumaris hotel, Lake Muskoka.

*

In the prettiest and most cultivated grounds of the many beautiful residences of Rosedale—that charming and most picturesque suburb of Toronto—there met on Wednesday afternoon last an interesting gathering of ladies and gentlemen, members of the Provincial Teachers' Association, who had assembled in Toronto for their annual convention, and who, by the kind courtesy of Mr. and Mrs. John Hoskin of The Dale, had been invited to an At Home on the occasion. The day was cloudy but fair, and the grounds were looking their best, save that the afternoon sun was lacking to cast its stream of checkered light through the fine trees on the edge of the lawn as it sheers over into the thickly-wooded ravine that skirts the residence on the south. The bright beds of flowers and music from the band of the Grenadiers made up, however, for the sombreness of the sky overhead, and the afternoon was most agreeably spent by the assembled guests. The members of the convention and a few towns-people interested in educational affairs invited to meet them were received on the lawn by Mr. and Mrs. Hoskin, and were shown by the host over the grounds and conservatories and through the principal reception rooms and library of the fine residence. Refreshments were served on the lawn. The charming hostess was herself not the least of the attractions of The Dale, and made the time pass pleasantly for all. A formal proposal of thanks from the president of the association for the kind hospitality shown them drew from Mr. Hoskin a happy speech, which brought the afternoon delightfully to a close, and impressed upon the assembled guests a grateful sense of the courtesy and compliment paid them. Amongst the invited guests were Hon. G. W. Ross, Minister of Education; Sir Daniel Wilson, LL.D., President of Toronto University; Senator Macdonald, the Mayor of Toronto, William Mulock, M. P., Vice-Chancellor of the University; Mr. Smith, President of Provincial School Teachers' Association; Mr. Justice Patterson; Principal MacVicar, McMaster Hall; Prof. Loudon, Prof. Vander-Smissen, Mr. William Christie, Mr. A. H. Campbell, Prof. Goldwin Smith; Mr. Geo. Dickson, Principal U. C. College; J. M. Gibson, M.P.P.; Richard Harcourt, M.P.P.; Principal Sheraton, Wycliffe College; Mr. William F. W. Creelman; Mr. F. W. Harcourt; Prof. Mills, Agricultural College, Guelph; Mr. Thomas Hodgins, Q.C.; Prof. G. Paxton Young, Dr. Aikens; Mr. Bain, Public Library; Mr. G. Mercer Adam; Mr. Hughes, Public School Inspector; Principal McMurchy, J. E. Edgar, M.P., Mr. J. R. Bryant, Mr. Hodgins, Dr. L. W. Smith, Prof. Hirschfelder, Mr. McLean, Mr. Marling, Mr. Alley, Dr. McLellan, Mr. Seath, Mr. Hodgson, Mr. Doan, Secretary Provincial School Teachers' Association; Mr. A. F. White, Dr. Fyne, Chairman Board Public School Trustees; Mr. Lobb, Chairman Board High School Trustees; Provost Body, Mr. Hough, Mr. John Cameron, Dr. Dewart, Rev. George Simpson, Mr. Langton, Mr. Baker.

*

Miss Fanny Campbell of the Queen's Park, has returned to town from Longuissa on the Georgian bay for a few days.

*

Mr. Mayne Campbell has gone to Longuissa for a week or two.

*

Miss Macdonald of New York, well-known in Toronto society, is staying with Mr. and Mrs. W. Baines on Simcoe street.

*

Mr. Edsall of New York, who resided here during the early portion of last winter, is again in Toronto.

*

Mr. Tilley has left for the now popular western tour on the Canadian Pacific Railway.

*

Mr. and Mrs. Nordheimer are occupying Mr. Jack Small's house at the Island during that gentleman's absence at the sea.

*

It is reported that an injury to Mr. Hyman's leg will prevent him taking part in the lawn tennis tournament. This is a great disappointment, because with the Canadian champion out of the running, it seems likely that the visitors will have things pretty much their own way.

*

The hops of last Saturday and Monday evenings at the Queen's Royal, Niagara, were exceedingly well attended. That of Saturday was under the patronage of the Toronto Yacht Club, and was graced by many gallant yachtsmen in their becoming dress uniforms, from the crews of the Cygnet, Escape, Rivet, Mollie, and steam yacht Vivid of Toronto, Cypress and White Wings of Hamilton. The costumes of the ladies were exceedingly pretty, leading to the ball-room a very brilliant appearance. The feature of the evening was the delightful singing of Miss Attalie Claire, a charming young lady who owns Toronto as her birthplace. Miss Claire is a pupil of Mme. Fursch-Madi, and has been lately singing with the National Opera Co. She possesses a voice full of rich notes, which she uses to great advantage, and one never grows tired of listening to the melodies with which she never seems to weary of entertaining her friends.

*

The hop on Monday was in celebration of Toronto's civic holiday, and was thoroughly enjoyable. Among those present were Mrs. Geo. Hagarty, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Henderson, the Misses Henderson, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Dickson, Mr. J. and Miss Small, Mrs. Leahy, Mr. and Miss Boddy, Mr. A. R. Denison, Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Downey, Miss Perry, Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Patterson, Mr. E. Macrae, Mr. H. D. Gamble, Mr. J. H. Sinclair, Mr. H. Brock, Mr. J. D. Hay, Mr. Walter Parsons, Mr. and Mrs. John Foy, Mrs. and Miss Foy, Mr. and Mrs. G. P. Reid, Mrs. Phillips, Mrs Eyre, Mr. W. Crooks, Mr. E. A. Toshack, Mr. D. J. MacMurchy, Mr. R. E. Cooper.

*

On Tuesday next there will be a golf competition at the Queen's Royal, and on Wednesday the tennis tournament begins, for which there are many entries. It is hoped that Messrs. Helmuth and Wood of London, Depew and Coffee of Buffalo, and Gibbs and Hayes of Toronto will compete.

*

There will be a ball next Thursday evening, which will be proceeded by a concert in which Miss Attalie Claire, Miss Cheney and others will take part.

*

Tennis week will close with a grand ball on Saturday evening, August 25.

*

There have been several fishing parties given lately, two of which deserve some notice. That of Mr. and Mrs. T. K. Negus of Dayton, Ohio, last Tuesday, and Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Miller of Buffalo, Friday. Both parties returned with large catches of bass and pickerel. There seemed to be a great diversity of opinion though in regard to the weight of the fish taken, but as each seemed to be thoroughly satisfied that they had excelled everybody was happy.

Out of Town.

BARRIE.

The grand lodge of I. O. O. F. met last week and transacted business. The town was crowded with visitor who were struck with its beauty and pleasing situation on Kempenfeldt Bay.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Lount and party have returned from a camping expedition.

A large party of ladies and gentlemen are camping at Hewitt's Creek, under the supervision of Mrs. G. A. Radenhurst.

Mrs. Hall, the Misses Hall, Miss. F. V. Hall, Messrs. G. B. and Frank Hall are stopping at Strawberry Island.

Mrs. Palmer of Guelph, is staying at the Barrie Hotel.

The register at Peninsular Park Hotel shows among others the names of the following ladies and gentlemen: Mr. and Mrs. John Hoskin of Toronto, Mrs. Gwynne and Miss Gwynne of Ottawa, Mrs. McConnell of Toronto, Mrs. F. O'Donnell and the Misses O'Donnell of New Orleans, U. S. A., Hon. Wilfrid Laurier and wife of Quebec, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Edgar of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Thompson of Orillia, Col. and Mrs. Grasett of Toronto, Hon. Chas. Drury.

Miss Hodgert of Toronto is visiting Mrs. D. Spry.

I expect next week to mention at least one party, while as yet two more beside the bachelors' ball are spoken of. VERITAS.

BERLIN.

The picked team of Canadian footballers played a splendid match last Friday evening, before leaving for England this week. All wish them the same success across the ocean as they met with that evening. After the match a dance was given at the residence of Mrs. Kranz.

On Wednesday evening of last week an enjoyable evening was spent in dancing and music, at the residence of Mrs. Millar. Among those present were Miss Bowman, Miss H. Pearce, Mr. Wedd, the Misses Kranz, Mr. Hooper, Mr. Morson, and Miss J. Millar of Hamburg, the Misses Morson of Toronto, Miss Jaffray, Miss Stanley, Mr. McCowen, Mr. Burrows, Miss Crookall, the Misses Gibson and Mr. Gibson. The songs by the Misses Morson and Miss Jaffray were fully appreciated by all, and Mr. Morson's whistling of The Mocking Bird, particularly so.

Miss Crawford of Hamilton is spending a couple of weeks at Miss Chalmer's.

Mrs. W. Bowlby has left for a visit to her daughter, Mrs. G. Perley of Ottawa.

Mrs. F. Cline left Tuesday for a visit to her parents in Quebec.

We are glad to see Mr. Tom Turnbull in town once more.

The Philharmonic Society, under our worthy leader, Professor Zoellner, left Monday to join in the Saengerfest at Port Elgin.

Mr. Smythe has returned after an absence of two weeks.

Ladies' Restaurants.

It is becoming more popular every year for ladies to lunch at cafes. Thomas' English Chop House is the favorite place in Toronto and is largely patronized by ladies and theatre parties. It is strictly first-class; ladies' entrance, reception and dressing rooms.

How it Struck Him.

"What do you think of our church choir?" asked a village merchant of a travelling man.

"It reminds me of a passage in Shakespeare."

"Sweet bells jangled harshly out of tune."

A Recommendation.

"I hear thas Miss Wytherly is going to marry Mr. Snipperson, said an Iowa lady to her husband.

"Well I'm glad to hear it. Snipperson is a nice man. The only objection to him that I could think of would be the fact that he has only one eye."

"That's not an objection. It's a decided recommendation."

"I must ask you to explain."

"Because," she went on promptly, "when he goes up to a soda fountain with his wife, she'll know that he can't be working any optical telegraph with the clerk."

Merely a Guest.

"Will you hand me a glass of water?" asked a near sighted man of a traveler, who had just come in to the dining room of the hotel.

"Excuse me," was the reply, "but I think you have made a mistake. I'm not a waiter. I'm merely a plain, ordinary guest."

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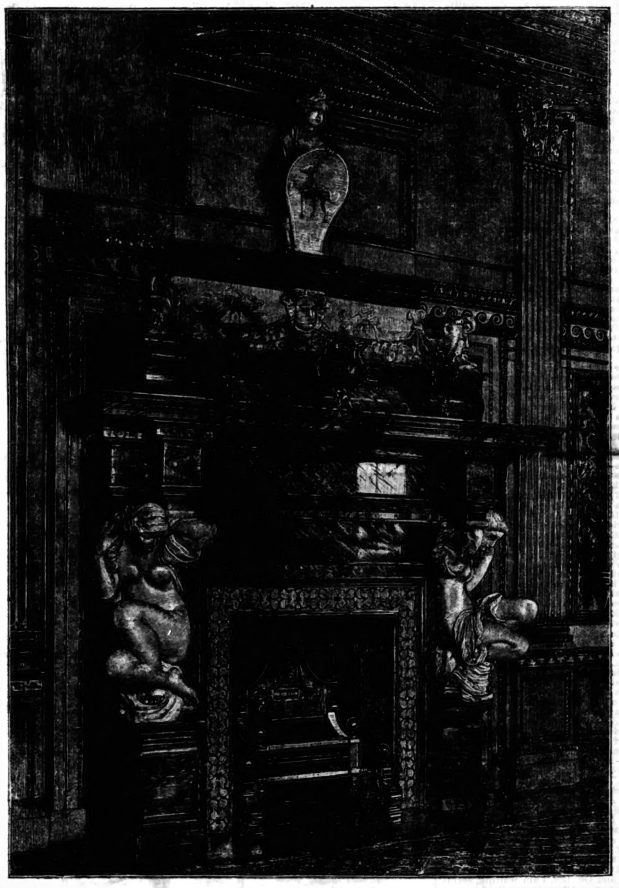

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SECOND HALF OF THE TWO-PART STORY.

A BROKEN HEART

Written for "Saturday Night," by Agnes Preston of Niagara Falls.

CHAPTER III.

Lee Russel left Amy with his heart filled with love. He really was devoted to the sweet little creature.

When he arrived in New York he went directly to the banking house of Mr. Harris. As soon as Mr. Harris had read the Major's letter he shook hands cordially with him, and gave him a position at once. He treated him almost royally, and being very fond of the Major, was only too glad to be able to help a friend of his. Lee was invited to dine with him next day, and delighted with his luck, wrote and told Amy all—a letter filled with love and expectations.

The next day at dinner, he found that Mr. Harris had a daughter, a petite black-eyed little creature of seventeen, who immediately took a great fancy to Lee, and they became firm friends. Her father one day told him, with tears in his eyes, that she could not live long, not more than a year or two, as she had inherited that fatal disease, consumption, from her mother who died when she was born. All this made Lee far more attentive and kind to the little invalid. He did not tell Amy about her, fearing she would be jealous. He paid the most devoted attention to little Bessie. Mr. Harris was delighted, and persuaded him to come and stay with them, for he said: "We have a house full of servants and no one for them to wait on." Lee thought liked this as it seemed like home, and when his position in the bank was raised he was writing and telling Amy. He had been away seven months, and was saying that he would soon come for her. The door of Mr. Harris' study opened and Bessie came in. She was not even pretty, only small and childish, with big black eyes and a shaggy head of black hair, pink and white skin. She came in slowly, in a half hesitating way, but went over to him and said:

"Who are you writing to, Lee?"

"A very dear friend of mine, Bessie."

"A young lady, I suppose?" and she glances quickly at him.

"No, a little girl whom I love, and who loves me."

"Well, Lee, all I can say is," and she puts her hands, regardless of position, on her hips, and goes on. "All I can say, is that if it was a young lady, I would kill her."

"Ah, Bess," and he tries to laugh, but it sounds harsh and forced.

"Yes, Lee, I mean it," and her eyes flash.

"Little goosie; why, come and tell me," and he holds out his hand, and she goes and perches like a sparrow on the arm of his chair, and holds his hand.

"Because, Lee, you are mine, all mine."

"But, Bessie, I cannot always stay with you."

"Why, Lee, oh, why?" and she squeezes his hand so tightly that he tries to draw it away. But she holds it tightly, and he has to be content to listen while she says:

"Because, Lee, at Mrs. Richardson's party you said you loved me better than any one here."

"But, Bess, you asked me, and I said of course I did."

"And Lee, oh, Lee, did you not mean it? Oh—I told papa—and he was so happy about it." Her eyes fill with tears, her mouth quivers; and what could Lee do but take her in his arms and try to comfort her as best he could.

"I did mean it, Bessie. You were the sweetest one there, and I did love you the best; so hush, little girl," and almost wild, he bends and kisses the red lips raised to his own.

"And, Lee, you will only have me a year, and perhaps not that, dearest. I will ask papa to let us marry immediately," and before he can say a word, she has thrown her arms around his neck and pressed her burning lips to his, then cuddling down into his arms, she sadly says:

"I don't believe that I can live six months—I am far too happy! Ah, here is papa—dearest papa! Kiss the happiest girl in the world," and her father bends and kisses the happy face and puts his arm around her, as she sits on the arm of Lee's chair. "We can be married soon, can't we, papa? We shall not leave you."

"Yes, darling, and Lee, I can only say you have made me the happiest father in the world. I will now retire from my business and resign in favor of my son. You will take my name, and the directors, I am positive, will agree. They are exceedingly pleased with the great progress you have made lately, and now I will leave you, and I can only say—God bless my son and daughter," and as he presses Lee's hand affectionately, he does not notice how cold it is, or how white his face is. He thinks he doesn't answer because of his great happiness. When he leaves them, Bessie throws herself in Lee's arms and cries. "Oh, Lee, I pray to live for you; I cannot die! I will not. Oh, Lee, why are you so quiet, dear? Do not grieve for me, dearest. I may live," and she buries her head on his neck and calls him "her darling!" "her dear old husband!" She does not notice that he does not answer or return her caresses. He is thinking of Amy, bright little Golden. He is really dazed. "Lee, I shall not die," she says, vehemently, and he answers:

"No, dear, you won't die," and then she kisses him again and again and says good night. Her father feels younger by a great many years when he sees her happy face.

Lee sits like a man bereft of common sense. He glances at the paper on the table, and sees written, "My own darling Amy," he tears it in pieces, and a sob seems to choke him. He goes to his room and paces the floor and seems nearly crazy. Then a thought comes to him to fly, but no! Amy would hear all, and Bessie would be hurried earlier to her grave. He must marry her and write and explain all to Amy. Tell her Bess cannot live, that he only loves her, does not care at all for Bessie, only as a sister. Tell her of his strange wooing. He seems distracted and throws himself on his bed, he tosses from side to side, and not till towards morning does he sleep. Then he dreams of Amy, Amy standing at the gate with a white shawl over her head and saying:

"I will wait, Lee, though it be years and years." He awakes with a start, and only to think that to-morrow is his wedding day. He dresses and goes down late to breakfast, large black rings circle his pale face. Mr. Harris is waiting alone for him and tells him Bessie will not see him till she stands with him to be married.

The morrow comes—they are married in the large drawing-room. Few guests are there and when they are pronounced man and wife, those that are there, wonder at the sad face of the groom. Mr. Harris hands as a wedding gift a deed of the house to Lee and his wife and informs them that he is going away for a couple of weeks, and that Lee must get used to being master. When he returns it will only be as a permanent visitor. The bride looks like a child in her simple white dress, her face is wreathed in smiles, and ever and anon she gazes lovingly at her husband. He returns her smiles as gayly as he can and his heart aches for his loveless little wife.

Mr. Harris leaves them for two weeks, and the day after the wedding, much to the amazement of every one, Lee goes as usual to the bank. Bessie watches and counts the minutes till he comes home, and is so bright and happy that he tries to forget a little head of golden hair and a sunny face—far away. Lee writes at the office to Amy, and manlike, plunges directly into his sorrow, and says, "I am married," he then goes on and tells all the rest. But Amy knows no more, she can read no farther, at those words her life is changed. Jack only reads those words and then tears the letter in a thousand pieces, and steels his heart against the man who has broken his sister's heart. Lee gets a letter to tell him that, "My sister is well rid of you, and has others to love her."

CHAPTER IV.

Twenty-five years have come and gone, bringing great changes to those living at Glenwood. Little May is the happy mother of five boys and a girl, a sweet-faced little creature, and looks very like what her aunt Amy was twenty-five years ago. The same eyes, the same hair and pretty complexion, only taller; she is eighteen and the third child.

Amy, her aunt, is still alive, but oh, so changed; she is still the sad, simple-minded creature, her hair is streaked with grey. Her eyes are dim; her figure is pitifully slight; she still wears the little ruby ring, worn to a thread. The children all love her dearly, and May's eyes grow dim whenever she looks at her.

Mye is Amy's pet name. She has just returned from school, carrying away a good share of honors and prizes, and is getting ready to visit a friend in New York, a young girl who has a brother devoted to Amy. He has written to Mye's father and given such glowing descriptions of his devotion to her. Jack has given his consent; and Amy is to bring them, Eva and Russel Harris, back with her. And "the affair," as Jack calls it, will then be settled. Russel is delighted, and so is his sister. She loves Mye, and at school they were inseparable.

Eva and Russel Harris are the two only children of Lee Russel, *alias* Harris. Mrs. Harris has been dead only a year, and Lee is not the same man he used to be. Still tall and slightly bent, his hair and whiskers are pure white. Everyone likes him, and something in his sad face wins respect from everyone; and old, he was always good and kind to Bessie, but she could never conceive why he grew so different after their marriage. He was very fond of his two children. After her first child was born, Bessie had slowly improved in health, and, though never a remarkably healthy woman, had lived till a year ago. On this evening Lee sits in the drawing-room, waiting for his daughter to bring her friend home from the station. He knows it is Jack's child that his son loves, and is glad of it. Jack does not dream of Lee Russell; he has not forgotten him, but never hears a word of him. He starts as he hears a carriage drive up; the door opens; he hears a voice say, "Oh, Russel, you are a fraud." He presses his white hand to his head—that voice—what memories it brings to him. The door opens and he hears the same voice say:

"Oh, is this your father, Eva—I am so glad—!" But she gets no further, he gently puts his hand under her chin and says:

"Oh, Amy, little Amy."

"You know my real name Mr. Harris, Eva and Russel always call me Mye."

"Oh, your name," absently," you are Mye, Amy's—you are—Eva's friend and Russel's little lady love," and he leaves the room abruptly, while Russel and Eva explain, that their father has had a great sorrow, which they know little of, only Eva found an old-fashioned photo with "Amy" written under it.

"Let me go to your father, I must speak to him—come."

"We never disturb papa, Mye."

"I must see him—come," she has her hat off and her glossy hair seems to shine in the gas light. She crosses the hall and they go into his study. Mr. Harris is sitting at his desk, his head bent, a picture in his hand, his whole attitude showing despair. Amy goes over to him, Russel and Eva stand at the door. Lee Harris rises as he sees her coming, her hat in her hand, her hair nearly and rough. He holds out his arms—but only for one minute—they drop down at his side and his whole frame seems to shake; he staggers, and then drops in his chair and buries his face on his arms. Mye beckons Eva away, and says in a voice dreadfully severe for her—

"Mr. Harris, are you the man who ruined my dear aunt's life? Tell me quickly, if so, I could never stay and receive your hospitality."

"Little girl, listen to me, and here before my two children who have not a word of my great sorrow, I will tell you my—sad story." He takes one of her hands in his, and tells her all. He never takes his eyes from her face, but when he sees tears in her eyes, presses her hand more closely. He tells her of his great love, of his wife's strange wooing, he does not omit a single sentence of the wickedness, of his cowardly behavior, and as he finishes, Eva almost wails in a voice not like her own:

"Ah, papa, did my mamma know this?"

"No, my darling, I am thankful she did not," and he buried his gray head on her shoulder, as she knelt before him.

"Dearest, oh, my papa, do not feel so badly, Amy tell him you do not blame him. Tell him Mye, oh, Mye—"

"Mr. Harris, let me try and comfort you by telling you of my aunt's great devotion to you. As soon as she read of your marriage—oh, how can I say it—Mr. Harris, ever since her long illness, twenty-five years ago—she has been—out of her mind," and turning, her lover catches her in his arms, and she sobs aloud.

"My God, Amy—little Golden—my, I will come—let me go—"

"Listen, Mr. Harris, on the first or about the first of June she always seems anxious. Every evening she leaves us all and as she goes out tells us in her childish way that she is going to Lee. Now dearest, to-morrow will be the twelth of June. She will be waiting for Lee, and Oh, Lee, I am waiting, seems to be her one cry. Oh! Heaven if she could only be well again." She clasps her hands and her face looks so sweetly pure and good that Russel bends and kisses the white forehead.

"Mye, you are what your aunt was twenty-five long years ago. They say Russel is like me. Here are the photographs," and he draws from his desk two faded ambrotypes, one is the fac simile of Russel, and Mye exclaims:

"Yes, oh, yes, so like him—I think Russel's eyes are not as large though—and, oh! I am so tired, can I have some tea."

"Oh, Mye, how selfish, you must be famished," and Russel unties her cloak and they go to tea. Mr. Harris never takes his eyes from Mye's face and the meal is rather quiet. After tea he watches Mye and Russel, and as he sees their happiness, it might have been, oh, it might have been, is his inward cry and he leaves them and goes to his study.

CHAPTER V.

Amy Griffiths has been miserably unwell, and her brother never leaves her grow weaker and thinner every day. Her hair is quite gray now. But she does not notice any of the changes. Her one cry they hear: "Lee, I am waiting! Oh, Lee, come, come!" She comes downstairs dressed in a cream and pink dress, a new one, and the only color she will wear. As she passes Jack and May, Jack throws a shawl around her—they know where she is going. Her thin cheeks are strangely flushed. She says in a quiet voice:

"He is coming to-night, May. I know he is." Then, bowing her head, she goes and waits at the old seat by the gate. A carriage drives up (the old stage has gone now), four people alight. Amy starts, and as Mye points to her aunt, an old man with gray hair goes toward her, followed by Russel and the two young girls. A scream is heard, a voice says:

"Ah, Lee, Lee, I knew you would come!"

The old gray-headed man rushes forward and cries, "Amy, oh Amy!" but she darts past him and throws herself into the arms of Lee Russel's son—the so like what his father was. She sobs aloud, with her face buried in the surprised Russel's coat.

"Ah, Lee, I knew you would come, and I am so tired waiting!" Her eyes close, and she seems to have fainted.

Loving words are whispered in her ear by a gray-headed old man. She hears them not. She does not open her eyes.

Dr. Rhodes soon comes, and tells them she cannot live but a few hours.

Lee Russel hears this and cries:

"Amy, oh little Golden, I have come, I am Lee; Amy, oh, have I only found you to lose you!"

Mye in the meantime calls her mother and father and tells them all, and begs them not to blame Mr. Harris. They promise, and May kisses her future son-in-law and wishes that he did not look so very much like Lee. When they go back they find Lee sitting by her, his face buried in his hands. Amy opens her eyes, she glances past them all and her eyes rivet themselves on Russel.

"Lee, oh Lee, I knew you would come; Lee, kiss—me—dear—"

"Kiss her, Russel," whispers Mye. He bends and gently kisses the woman who should have been his mother, and she turns her face to him and smiles sadly.

"Amy, oh Amy, I am Lee; dear Amy, look at me dear, I am Lee," and poor Lee Russel bends and takes the thin hand held out, a tiny hand with a ring worn to a thread. As he sees this he bends and kisses the finger again and again. A soft whisper is heard, a gentle voice says:

"Lee, oh Lee—I knew you—would—come—and I am—so—we—". Her voice falls, a noise as of death is heard, one sigh, one word—Lee—and Amy Griffiths is with her God, where no earthly disappointment can ever reach her; where nothing but love, pure and true, good and unwavering dwells. She has left sad and lonely hearts behind her. But she has met her God with a life, pure and good, to put before him. No one can find a fault with her lonely life, and all they can say is—poor little Amy.

They bury her in the little churchyard, her coffin is covered with flowers. One hand a rose is lightly closed on. A pink rose and cream bud. Lee put them there, praying that he may soon join her, and with a heart filled with grief, gazes at what once was Little Golden Hair, an old woman with gray hair.

* * * *

A year later, a quiet double wedding takes place, Amy and Russel, Eva and Jack, May's eldest child. Amy and her husband live with Lee. Eva stays with Jack who has his father's large business now. Lee lives some years, but when he dies it is Amy who tends to him. And as he watches her he whispers, "Amy, you know I love you." She well knows of the Amy he means, and as he holds her hand when dying, says, "Amy, oh, dear little Golden, I am coming—coming—

THE END.

Her Little Went So Far.

Mrs. Tiddlecomb gave a tea the other evening, and things went off very well indeed. There was just enough of everything, but no superfluity. When the guests were preparing to depart, Mrs. Widdlecomb, her rival in the village, kissed her good-bye, saying, "I always do enjoy tea with you, dear; you have such a charming knack of making a little go so far. Good-bye, dear."

Now or Never.

"Young Lord De Masher proposed to Mary this evening, Mr. Riche," triumphantly remarked Mrs. Nouveau Riche, "and now, let me see, we will have a dinner party to-morrow night, a garden party on Thursday, a ball on Friday, and on Saturday we will go to the Camp. Then on Sunday——"

"Don't you think you're rushing it a bit too much?" observed Mr. Nouveau Riche.

"Not a bit, Mr. Riche," said Mrs. Nouveau Riche. "not a bit. If the young fool has time to think, he'll back out: and that won't do at any price, until we've got sufficient letters to form the grounds for a breach of promise case."

She Knew Him Well.

Miss Clara (blushing)—Do you know, Ethel, that young Mr. Sampson proposed to me last night, and I accepted him!

Miss Ethel (heartily)—I congratulate you sincerely, Clara. Mr. Sampson is a noble young man.

Miss Clara—Do you know him very well?

Miss Ethel—Oh, yes. It was only a few months ago that I promised to be a sister to him.

Ugh!

"Ma, what does pa hug the old bear for?" said Johnnie.

"Why, Johnnie, what makes you talk so silly? Your pa don't hug the old bear."

Johnnie—Yes, he does; for he said when he was hugging Jane last night that it was much better than hugging the old bear.

Too Much Learning.

Gus De Smith—What did you do with that letter that was on my table?

Colored boy—I tuck it to de pos' offis, sah, and put it in de hole.

"Did you not see there was no address on the envelope?"

"I saw dar was no writin' on de 'velope, but I 'lowed yer did dat ar on purpose, so I couldn't tell who yer was a-writin' to. I'se an eddicated niggah, I is, and I s'posed you knowed hit."

Improved Chances.

Examiner—Suppose that during a bloody battle all the officers of your regiment were killed and the regiment thus left without a commanding officer, what would you do in such a case?

Cadet—I'd think my chances for promotion were blamed good.

At Saratoga.

"Maw, how I perspire!"

"Dear me, Clara, don't let me hear you use that vulgar expression again."

"Do you want me to say 'sweat?'"

"No, you wretched vulgarian; you must say you are 'bedewed with heat.' The first thing you know people will say we haven't style about us."

Nature's Handiwork.

A.—What dentist made your teeth for you?

B.—These are my own teeth. No dentist made them, was the indignant reply.

"You don't say so! How deceptive they are. "Why, they look as nice as the best kind of false teeth. What a wonderful thing nature is!"

He Knew the Best Place.

Minister (to Bertie)—I hope, Bertie, you don't go to the lake fishing with your father on Sunday.

Bertie—No, sir.

Minister—I'm glad to hear you say that, my boy.

Bertie—No, the best fishing is down at Burke's creek. That's where I go.

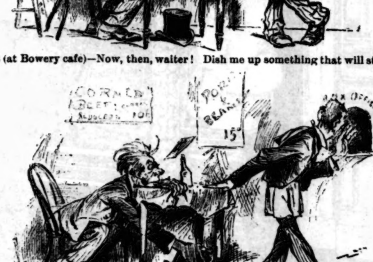
He Knew His Business.

Mrs. Lefty—The organist at our church is the most stupid fellow in the world, and is always playing the most inappropriate selections. Why, at Carry Curfew's wedding he played, "Trust her not, she's fooling thee." The very idea!

Mrs. Posted—Stupid? Indeed he is not. He was once engaged to Carry himself and she jilted him. He knew what he was about when he selected that tune.

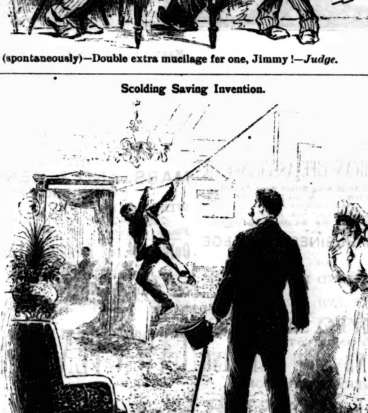
A Substantial Meal.

Guest (at Bowery cafe)—Now, then, waiter! Dish me up something that will stick to my ribs.



Walter (spontaneously)—Double extra mucilage for one, Jimmy!—*Judge.*

Scolding Saving Invention.



Mr. Lynn Oleum (just entering)—What the deuce are you up to, Andy?

Mr. Andover Hand—Oh, you see we've got a new carpet, and my wife makes so much fuss when I walk on it that I devised this little scheme for the sake of peace!—*Puck.*

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CHAPTER I.

The Bryn-mawr post-bag was made up by the village postmistress immediately upon the arrival of the mail-cart from Carnarvon, and despatched with the greatest speed attainable by the groom who was always waiting for it. The Bryn-mawr household however was accustomed to early rising, and, notwithstanding the time gained by this plan, the family had often left the breakfast table before the post-bag made its appearance. It was so on the morning of the eighteenth of November, 188--. Brande Tennant, the nephew and heir of the present possessor of Bryn-mawr, had strolled over to the window with his hands in his pockets and an injured expression on his good-looking face, when the butler came in with the bag and laid it before the master of the house.

"A most unwarrantable interference on the part of the weather, I call it," muttered the young man, ruefully, as he stared at the frost, which obstinately refused to disappear from the foliage and lawns. "Who in the name of reason expects the frost to hold the day through at this time of the year? It's not half a bad day sometimes, a little later on, when the horses are getting a bit stale, to have to keep them at home; but just now, when they're going like the wind and as fresh as paint, it's a right-down sin to have to keep them shut up in the stables."

"A letter for you, Molly, from New Zealand," said Mr. Tennant, as he handed a flimsy envelope to his niece, smiling at her eager face. "Master Tim's a famous correspondent up to the present—eh?"

But Molly was so anxious to read her letter that she could not pause to answer with more than a smile.

"One for you, Brande," continued Mr. Tennant—"something to occupy your mind for a few minutes, and stop your grumbling at the weather. To hear you men under thirty rail at an occasional frost, one would think you considered the whole scheme of creation ought to be arranged with a view to the convenience of the meets. Take your letter, and leave off raving at Nature's way of managing things. She knows what she is about a good deal better than you do, my boy—take my word for it."

Brande Tennant took his letter; and he too smiled as he met his uncle's look of kindly quizzing. Whenever these two men looked at each other, their countenances lighted up invariably and their hearts glowed with feelings of warm, strong affection. With Brande's affection for his uncle was mingled a large amount of admiration and respect; with Griffiths' for his nephew was a leaven of romance. This gray-haired man with the fresh-colored skin and the bright, kindly hazel eyes had had his romance, and Brande's mother had taken a part in it.

The two Tennants of what was now the passing generation had both loved the same woman; but the passion of the elder one—Griffiths—had been of the silent type which denotes depth, while the younger one, though perhaps not feeling a tithe of his brother's enthusiasm, was glib enough in expressing all, and, perhaps, something more than he felt.

So pretty Mary Brande had married the younger brother, and bore him a son, and became a widow within two years of her wedding-day. Four years later she died also, and Griffiths Tennant took her orphan boy to Bryn-mawr to live with and cheer him. And that was why he loved this brawny young man with a love far beyond that accorded by most fathers on their sons. It was a fortunate thing that Mary's child was not a girl, for then uncle Griffith's love would have degenerated into absolute idolatry.

As Brande Tennant grew up he guessed at something of what had happened, and it sometimes, in a good deal, disturbed him; could not increase his attachment to his uncle, seeing that he had looked up to him as the perfection of manhood ever since he could remember having an opinion on anything.

"A letter for me?" queried Brande. "I don't know the writing; and it looks as if it would keep."

The smile has quite gone from his face now, giving place to a dark shadow of anxiety. He put the letter into his pocket with an affected assumed air of indifference, and sauntered out of the room.

The moment Brande thought himself safe from observation, the shallow pretence of carelessness disappeared, and he tore open the envelope with passionate impatience.

"That confounded bill of Brunton's again, I suppose!" he muttered angrily. "I wonder if any other man was ever so cruelly punished for a piece of thoughtless good-nature as I have been! I suppose I shall have to renew again, at a further cost of another hundred or so. If I only had the pluck to have it out with uncle Griffiths. But I know it will be sacrilege and an awful wrench to find the money just now—it must be almost a clear thousand by this time."

But the letter was not quite of the nature he had anticipated, although there was an allusion, in a postscript, to that matter of the bill. The letter read:

"Dear Jim,—I have received a commission from a lady customer to obtain three pearls of a certain size and shape. She tells me that Mr. Griffiths Tennant of Bryn-mawr—your father, I presume—has in his possession the very things she requires, but that, as they are an heirloom, he cannot be persuaded to part with them. Do you think you could manage, if I send a trusty worthy agent to you, to obtain a view of these family treasures for him—or, better still, if you could overcome Mr. Griffiths' prejudice so far as to allow of parting with them, my agent would be empowered to make a bid."

When Brande had read thus far, he was interrupted, and he slipped the letter back into his pocket, with an odd feeling upon him that he was acting disloyally to his uncle even by being the passive recipient of such an offer.

The receipt of this communication disturbed him to quite an extraordinary degree. The idea of selling the pearls once started in his mind, he could not get rid of it again. It haunted him the whole day through, turning up in the most abrupt, unexpected manner in the midst of diverse occupations and experiences, until his mind grew quite accustomed to the unwelcome thought; and, although he had at first greeted the jeweler's suggestion with an outburst of virtuous indignation, by-and-by he admitted to himself that it would not be half a bad way of raising the thousand pounds to meet that unfortunate bill of his—that was, of course, if his uncle's prejudice against parting with the pearls could be overcome.

Later on Brande Tennant grew to regard the arrival of this letter on that particular morning as a master-move on the part of his evil angel.

"The big dinner is to come off to-night—isn't it, uncle Griffiths?" asked Molly at luncheon. "This is the first really smart dinner you've had since I've been at Bryn-mawr. Is Brande going too?"

"That question shows how little you know about the immense importance of the occasion, Molly," answered Mr. Tennant, jokingly. "This is really what you called it, 'a smart dinner.' Only the heads of families—and the best families, mind you—go to this particular dinner. It is quite what you might call, 'a solemn function,' I assure you. It takes me at least a week to fall to my proper everyday level again, after moving in such an exalted atmosphere for an evening."

Molly laughed incredulously.

"I should like to see you riding the high horse," she said. "I shouldn't know you. Does he ever do it, Brande?"

"Not unless any one is inclined to take a liberty, Molly; then he gets fearfully and wonderfully dignified. Do you remember when that young man who was hanging about at Gwynnant for a month or so last summer slapped you on the back, uncle Griffiths? I shall never forget how you froze him up."

The master of Bryn-mawr smiled with quiet amusement.

"I remember quite well. I suppose I was rather overpowering; but, my boy—in a tone of apology—'the young man needed a lesson.' Then he added abruptly, "is the frost going to break? If not, will you send word round to the stables, and order the bay mare to be roughshod? That's a nasty little bit of road just before you come to the Cwmbychan bridge."

"I'll see to it myself, sir, returned Brande, as he rose from the table; "it will give me something to do for half an hour. There are the pups to be looked at too," he added, as he left the room; "we must decide about those to-day."

Molly Griffiths was by no means given to displays of cheap enthusiasm on any subject; but, when her uncle came into the drawing-room that evening to bid her good-bye before starting for Carnarvon, where the annual dinner of the Lord-Lieutenant was to be held, she could not repress an exclamation of admiration at sight of the three magnificent pear-shaped pearls of exactly similar size and symmetry which her uncle was wearing as studs.

"Why, uncle," she cried, going closer to him the better to see and admire the beauties of the pearls, "I never knew you went in for anything of this kind! Personal display seems so entirely out of your line!"

Griffiths Tennant's handsome face showed signs of amusement as he answered—

"You can hardly call this 'personal display,' Molly. These are the old Bryn-mawr pearls that we have held on to, through good and bad, through all our reverses. It is a sort of article of faith with the Tennants that the head of the house should wear them himself, or let his wife wear them, upon all state occasions. And for the past forty years, since my grandfather's recklessness had well-nigh put paupers of this tribe, we have held to the old rule more strictly than ever. Some unconfessed anxiety to let our neighbors see that, in spite of our poverty, we have not parted with the most outward sign of our ancient wealth has something to do with it perhaps."

Molly detected the self-contempt underlying the last words, and resented it.

"And why shouldn't you assert your respectability by every means in your power?" she cried warmly. "There is nothing shameful in you in your poverty, and there is great honor due to you for preserving the family heirlooms in the face of such difficulties as you have had to get through since you inherited Bryn-mawr. It would have been so easy to sell these jewels, yet it would have smoothed matters so beautifully for you! They must be worth a great deal of money, uncle Griffiths?"

"About nine hundred pounds in the market, Molly; but I shouldn't have made money by selling her jewelery, an offer of twelve hundred for them a few months ago."

"And you refused it, uncle?" cried Brande, who had just entered the room.

"Yes," answered Griffiths Tennant quietly. "I refused it, Brande, my boy, because, remembering how we Tennants have prided ourselves of the pearls, it seems to me it would have been like selling my birthright for a mess of pottage."

"Why, uncle," said Molly, with a meaningful glance at her cousin, "why was Lady Du Quesne willing to give you so much more than the market value?"

"Because they are very much like some others she has—six of them—and she wants nine pearls of the same shape and size to complete some design she has had submitted to her."

"I see," returned Molly. "It seems incredible to me that, even then, a lady of rank should be willing to pay twelve hundred pounds for three pearls to complete a design! Do you know, uncle Griffiths," she added, in a lighter tone, "I wonder those beautiful treasures do not drawn you into matrimony long before this. There must be a dozen women in this neighborhood who would angle for the chance of wearing them."

"Very likely. But, you see, Brande here has always been taught to think himself my heir; and then there were your mother and her boys and girls to look after; so I have not had much spare time to devote to courtship. There is the dog-cart coming round. Good night, Molly! Don't sit up, dear; I can't be back much before one."

"Will you take me as far as the lodge?" asked Brande, as his uncle left the room. "I want to have another look at Dudu's pups, and it will save time to set down Molly." he called back over his shoulder; "I shall be with you in less than half an hour."

Molly scarcely heard him: at any rate she did not pay enough attention to gather the meaning of his words. She had turned to the fire again, absorbed in the thought of the value of those three studs. "Twelve hundred pounds for three little trifles like those! And for want of a less sum poor old Tim is struggling and grovelling in a menial occupation out in New Zealand, without any hope of ever rising above it! Oh, what would I give to be able to send him the price of those pearls! Anything—almost anything!"

In the intensity of her longing she clasped her hands and clenched her teeth fiercely. The rebellion in her mind against things as they were brought the unusual expression into her dark-gray eyes and the lines of her well-formed mouth, an expression of mingled fear and defiance which gave an almost repellant look to her attractive face. It was a remarkable face for a woman of twenty-two: there was so much character in it, so much resolution underlying regular features, that stranger invariably thought she was four or five years older—a fact which was partly accounted for by the circumstances of her early girlhood. Her father, a hard-working clergyman, had died when she was fourteen, leaving her with a weak-minded mother and four young children to look after; and, if Molly Griffiths had been questioned on the matter, and had answered truthfully, she would have said that the mother was the gravest responsibility of them all. Most of these burdens were off her young shoulders now. Tim, the eldest boy—only eighteen months younger than herself, and her especial hope and joy—had gone out to New Zealand more than a year back, to take the post of sheep-farm overseer, run belonging to one of his father's old friends; Althea, who came next, was well married to a Manchester cotton-man; and the two younger girls, Mabel and Ethel, were both well placed in their brother-in-law's warehouse. Poor Mrs. Griffiths had been dead six months, and Molly was still chafing at the heavy yoke. Though her cares had all fallen away from her so rapidly, they had influenced her character permanently; and, as the firelight fell upon her, it showed the face of a woman whom adversity had built up rather than crushed down, a woman to whom it would be easier to perform some splendid achievement than to bear a daily burden in silence.

"Poor Tim!" she murmured again, with sorrowful tenderness. "I feel as if it were so terribly selfish of me to be living this life of comfort and ease, when I think you are enduring such shifts and discomforts! If I could only help to alter your position in some way—if I could!"

Instinctively her hand went to the pocket of her gown, where, in a letter received only that morning, her own position was so graphically described.

"I am glad to hear you are to make your new home with uncle Griffiths," it said, "and now at last I suppose you will have a little comfort in your life, which is no more than you deserve, Molly dear. As for me, I think of such a thing as a comfortable home some few years to come. Mind, dear, I am not grumbling at the little drawbacks of my position here—I am young and strong, and well able to put up with them; but what does vex me is that I see such chances round me which I am unable to take for the want of capital. For instance, if I could put my hand on twelve pounds and or even eight hundred pounds just now, I could purchase a partnership in a sheep-farm out here that would make me a rich man in ten years."

When Molly had read thus far, she heard Brande's footstep on the flagged hall, and she hurriedly folded up her letter and put it into her pocket.

"So we are to dine *tete-a-tete* to-night, Molly!" said Brande, looking anything but displeased at the prospect, as he came to warm his hands at the fire. "We've quite decided now to keep the two liver-and-white pups ourselves, and to let Lord Portmadoc have the other two."

Receiving no answer, the young man glanced down at his cousin in surprise—she was generally so interested in these little matters of their daily life.

"Any new worry, Molly?" he asked gently. She flushed in a startled manner as she answered, almost as if vexed at his desire to know her thoughts—

"What new worry should there be?"

"I thought perhaps Tim was tired of the antipodes, and wanted to come home. I saw you had a letter from him this morning."

Molly did not reply to this, and the short silence that followed was broken by her saying—

"I wonder uncle Griffiths isn't afraid to drive over these lonely country roads with those valuable pearls on him."

Brande looked at her a little curiously.

"I don't think there is any cause for fear on that head," he said. "There is not a man, woman, or child for ten miles round who would lift a hand or say a word to injure the master of Bryn-mawr. What made you think of such a thing, Molly?"

"I don't know, unless it was the look in Hewetson's eyes just now. He was in the room when uncle Griffiths said that Lady Du Quesne was willing to give twelve hundred pounds for the pearls, and I saw the look in the studs in such an odd way, as though he wished they were his to change into the money."

"Not much harm to be feared from Hewetson, I think," observed Brande, lightly. "He takes too much brandy to have the nerve to harm anyone."

A very tender light came into the young man's eyes as he watched Molly's thoughtful face. The timepiece at his elbow ticking seven seemed to remind him that he had something to do, for he roused himself and spoke with a sudden intention.

"Funny you should be thinking about the pearls," he said, "for they were in my thoughts too."

She glanced up at him inquiringly, and evidently saw an expression in his face which she would rather not have seen, for she put up her hands swiftly, as if to put some coming trouble from her.

"No, don't, Brande," she whispered, rapidly "at least, not to-night, dear!"

"Why not?" he asked cheerfully, taking her hands in his, and smiling down into her troubled eyes. "Why not to-night as well as any other time, Molly? Don't you want to know why I thought it was funny you should speak of uncle's studs just now? He had been speaking to me about them, Molly, as we drove to the lodge. You know they used to form the points of the mistress of Bryn-mawr's necklace. Well, all the rest of the necklace has gone, as you know, and these three historic pearls are the only family jewels a Tennant of Bryn-mawr has to bestow upon his wife now. Uncle Griffiths was asking me how I thought you would like them set. They're too big for a ring—what do you say to a brooch and earrings? I'll go into Carnarvon to-morrow and order the setting, dear! He'll be almost as glad as I to see them worn by a woman again."

Molly pressed her warm cheek upon his hand before she spoke.

"Are you quite, quite sure you wish this yourself, Brande?" she asked, earnestly. "Are you absolutely certain in your own mind that you are not asking me to marry you, because you know it would please uncle Griffiths so much? It would be such an odd thing by-and-by if you found out that you had made a mistake—that you liked some one else better than me! Do you quite know your own mind in this matter?"

"Do I quite know that it is the sunshine that ripens the corn?" he returned, looking at her with tender amusement in his blue eyes. "Do I know that the sea is salt, and that you are as good as you are lovely? As surely as I know these undeniable facts, so sure I know that I love you above all womankind, that I shall never be thoroughly happy until you are my wife! Does that satisfy you, Molly?"

Molly smiled up at him radiantly, all tormenting thoughts of the pearls driven out of her head for the time by her great happiness; and then they fell to discussing the future in a way peculiar to affianced lovers.

"How pleased uncle Griffiths will be when he hears what we have to tell him!" said Brande, when they were in the drawing-room again after dinner. "It has been the pet scheme of his heart ever since he went to your father's funeral eight years ago, Molly."

"How could that be, Brande? Why, I was only a child, not out of short frocks!"

"I know that; but the next time I came down from Oxford he was able to talk of nothing but you—your clever little motherly ways, your thoughtful attentions to poor aunt Emily, and your tender love for the little ones. I don't mean that he openly expressed his wish that I should make you my wife some day; with all his gentleness he is too cunning to make such a mess of things as that. He left the matter in your hands, Molly, and he has got his wish gratified."

"He never spoke of it to me, Brande."

"Of course not! The sly old fox! He just arranged that I should be at home this first autumn of your stay here, and left the rest to the laws of attraction."

"I wonder he himself has not married," said Molly thoughtfully. "He is such a popular man!"

"Couldn't afford it," replied Brande. "The estate was too poor to bear the burden of a domestic mistress; he was too proud to stoop to win a rich wife. He had devoted his life to restoring the property to its old standing, and he was hard at it still with his work if we only uphold his endeavors—

Brande stopped abruptly, in such a marked manner that Molly shifted her steadfast gaze for the first time to his face in some surprise at the sudden termination of his sentence.

"What was that for?" she asked, noting his anxious expression. "What sudden thought checked you like that?"

"The thought of my own folly," he returned, sadly. "I just remembered how little I had done to uphold uncle Griffiths' endeavors."

"But it was some especial folly you had in your mind, Brande. Won't you tell me what it is? It is little trouble of some sort? Tell me, if you can—I might be able to help you."

He had put his hand over hers, which was laid caressingly upon his arm.

"Just like you, Molly," he said, tenderly—"always ready to take up your share of the burden. Little that I expect this little matter will ever become a burden to you: still, it's vexatious enough in all conscience."

"Tell me!" she said, encouragingly, with her head on his shoulder.

"It's the old story," he murmured, in a tone of self-contempt—"debt! A man I believed in most thoroughly got me to stand security for him two years ago, and when the money was due he showed a clean pair of heels."

"And you will have to pay it?"

Brande nodded.

"Is it much?"

"The original debt was six hundred pounds, but the interest and expenses have run it up to nearly a thousand."

"Does uncle know?"

"No; I am always in hopes that Brunton—that's the man, you remember—may turn up again and settle the affair, and save uncle the worry of knowing anything about it. Mind, Molly, this is strictly between you and me. You will not breathe a hint of it unless I give you leave?"

"Of course not, Brande! What do you mean to do? Have you any plan in view?"

"None in the world. I can only wait and hope, and keep the interest paid up. Hark—there are the wheels on the drive! It is a hard frost. Why, Molly, it's quarter-past one!"

"Won't uncle scold me for sitting up so late?" remarked Molly, as she rose to meet the travellers.

"No," declared Brande, as he put his arm fondly round her; "he'll be too pleased to hear that we have to tell him to scold any one to-night."

CHAPTER II.

Uncle Griffiths guessed the secret before he was told. He was stamping his feet in the hall, trying to get some feeling into his half-frozen toes, when the two young people came out of the drawing-room, and, before they could speak, something in their manner told him what had happened.

"You must be perished, uncle!" cried Molly, as she stooped to kiss him. "We have a lovely fire inside."

"Take the decanters into the drawing-room, Hewetson," said Brande to the yawning servant. "I'll be with you directly, uncle, in the library. Let me help you off with your coat, sir! Pretty cold coming over the hill, wasn't it?"

"Rather sharp," answered Mr. Tennant, looking smilingly at Molly as she drew his hand through her arm to lead him into the bright light and warmth of the drawing-room.

"Have you had a good time, dear?" she asked. "Did you enjoy your dinner?"

"Not very much," he answered, letting her see that he understood her meaning glances at Hewetson, and meant to be discretion itself while the man was in the room. "I was foolish enough to drink Moselle, and I might just as well have taken so many glasses of poison. My digestive organs won't be right for a week."

"A weak-minded old party," cried Molly, "to drink a wine that you know always upsets you so drastically! Now I expect I shall have to dose you with taraxacum, and Heaven knows what, before you are right again."

"Here is your toddy, sir," said Brande, coming from the table with a steaming tumbler in his hand; "and I want you to drink a toast."

"With all my heart, Brande, my boy!" exclaimed Griffiths Tennant, putting his arm round Molly and kissing her affectionately. "Here's long life, happiness, and prosperity to the future Mistress Tennant of Bryn-mawr!"

"There was a short pause full of feeling, to which Brande, who thoroughly disliked all outward show of emotion, quickly put an end.

"I should have to be very nervous if I had to propose a toast myself," he observed laughingly; "she declared that my only reason for wanting to marry her was to please your uncle, and I might find out my mistake after marriage."

"Foolish Molly!" said uncle Griffiths tenderly. "And you, Brande—have you no doubts? Didn't it strike you that perhaps she was accepting you only because she wanted to wear the pearls she was so taken with?"

Brande shook his head confidently.

"Seriously, though, uncle," urged Molly, slipping from her chair to the rug at his feet, "I don't think you ought to drive home from deserted roads alone of a night when you have such valuable jewelry about you. It is courting danger. I shall be quite anxious about you for the future when I know you have them on."

"You may spare your anxiety, Molly, my dear. I shall not wear them any more now—I shall hand them over to you at once. From this time forth you will bear the burden of the family's respectability instead of me."

"It will make me very nervous if I have them in my keeping," she said, touching the beautiful studs with the tips of her fingers, as though the mere contact with them gave her pleasure. "Where do you keep them, uncle?"

"In the top drawer of the old-fashioned bureau in my dressing-room."

"Don't you think it is rather risky to keep them there," asked Brande—and there was an eagerness in his tone which made Molly look up at him curiously—"I mean, he added, "that it is just possible a drawer that—in daily use—might be left open occasionally."

"No chance of that, Brande. I don't keep articles in daily use in that drawer; it is seldom or never unlocked except when I take the pearls out or put them away again. There is nothing else there but old title-deeds and some letters of my mother's. There was a time, though," he went on, with a touch of sadness in his voice, "when the Tennants of Bryn-mawr could not have stored their jewels in a small bureau drawer. When the south end of the house was built in the fifteenth century, there was a secret room—or rather a big cupboard—specially constructed for the safe storage of the family plate and jewels."

"How romantic!" exclaimed Molly, "And is it still in existence?"

"Yes."

"Do you know where it is, uncle? Will you show us?"

"I can't do that, Molly. There is an old deed still in existence which binds the holder of Bryn-mawr not to impart the position of the room and the means of getting to it to more than one person at a time."

"And to whom is the sharer of the secret with you at present?" inquired Brande.

"Well, just now there is no one. Poor old Evans was the second person in the secret—had been ever since my grandfather's time—but since his death I have scarcely given the matter a thought. You see we have no store of plate or jewels to hide now, so that the secret is not so important as it was."

"Still it's a pity to risk the loss of the knowledge altogether," observed Brande.

"Then, if you think so, I will take you into confidence on the matter, my boy; you shall be introduced to this secret cabinet the first spare half-hour I have. We shall get into an awful mess, I expect, for the place has never been opened since Evans showed it to me a week after my father's death."

"The locks are likely to be rusty, I should think," observed Molly.

"There are no locks," answered Mr. Tennant—"only spring bolts; and those are all made of brass. The chamber was originally built more on account of keeping the pearls than anything else. In the superstition of the Middle Ages the welfare of our house was believed to be mixed up in some way with the safe keeping of the pearls. Times were rather blue then now; and, when Queen Eleanor presented these to our ancestor, she is said to have imposed a condition with her gift, which was supposed to have the power of conferring longevity, I believe. The legend goes that they were taken from the dead body of a great prophet in one of the battles between the Christians and the Turks while Edward was out in the Holy Land, and that he had them made for his well-beloved wife Eleanor. Be that as it may, the queen certainly gave the pearls to our ancestors. She had crossed a brook in its narrowest part, and had wandered higher up where it was broad and turbulent, not knowing that it was the appointed boundary between the Welsh and English camps during some negotiations. If the Tennants of that time had chosen, he could have taken her prisoner, but he sent her safely back to her husband instead, and she gave him these pearls in recognition of his chivalry."

"And what was the condition she made uncle Griffiths?"

"Well, it was a sort of *quid pro quo* arrangement, my dear. So long as we kept these three pearls at Bryn-mawr, they would return the compliment by keeping us there. In other words, she prophesied that so long as the Tennants did not part with her gift the family would never be driven from their home, and they should never lose possession of Bryn-mawr; that is why they are called uncle Neil's Blessings. There is a story told of a Tennant in the sixteenth century who had made up his mind to sell the necklet they were set in at the time to pay a gambling debt."

"And what happened?"

"He fell in climbing up the narrow stone staircase that leads to the secret chamber, where the necklace was then kept, and broke his neck."

"Swift retribution," murmured Brande.

(To be Continued.)

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None for me, Thanks.

A waggish guest before whom had been placed a dish of fish, turns to a fair neighbor and says:

"Miss, will you have some of this dead fish?"

"Dead fish? O—ugh—how horrible! Oh, no; none for me, thank you!"

THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD, - - Editor.

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Old Friends on Our Shelves.

There are no friends like the old friends, and there are no old friends like the books we have read and loved for the pleasant companionship they have afforded us. They are, indeed, the faithful companions of our pilgrimage, and when the golden curls of youth have been exchanged for the silvered locks of age, they are still with us, and the same good friends as of yore. In poverty as in wealth, they are still the pleasant guide of him who has wooed them when the world seemed full of hope and sunshine, ere the shadows had begun to lengthen across the landscape of life.

He who possesses books and loves them knows nought of loneliness. Human friends, loved though they be, may, and often do, intrude upon us at a moment that is inopportune. Not so the old friends on our shelves—dear companions of many a midnight hour. If we desire them, such desire is immediately gratified, and should we neglect them for a season and turn to newer, if less valued, faces, they have no reproaches for us.

Clad in the homely garment which was fashioned for honest wear and tear, they stand (in pleasing contrast to the tinsel and frippery of the library bought at so much a yard) the faithful friends of him who has early learned to love them for that which they contain within each use-worn cover.

Party Tunes on our Streets.

Toronto has arrived at a stage in her history when such an unmitigated nuisance as that of mere boys parading our streets to the accompaniment of party tunes should be suppressed once and for all. We have not had, it is true, the disgraceful scenes in our midst which were so shamefully prevalent some ten or twelve years ago, thanks to our admirable police system, and the improved state of public opinion, which long ago refused to indorse such rowdyism, has taught the wearers of all sorts of colors to look upon each other rather as fellow citizens than the bitter enemies of opposing factions.

Unhappily, however, the calmer and older heads of each organization have to contend with the turbulent spirits of younger and less experienced members, and a case in point is the shameful attack on the Orphans' Home in Lombard street last week by a Derry band which has been a source of indignation and shame to the large numbers of respectable citizens who are members of the Orange order.

The whole of this disgraceful affair is distinctly traceable to the playing of party tunes by hot blooded youngsters accompanied by one or two older but not wiser heads. These players had no special business in the neighborhood of Lombard street at that hour. They were there for the simple purpose of annoyance, knowing that they and their belongings were obnoxious to the inhabitants of the street. Now it must be admitted that the average inhabitant of Lombard street does not, as a rule, need over much provocation before that stage is reached, when a *free fight* is in *order*. (Remember we are writing about Irishmen.) We admit this, and not only this, but also that men should learn to govern themselves sufficiently to be able to hear the favorite airs of an opposite party without feeling any consuming desire to sweep the pavement with the shattered diaphragms of gentlemen of another school of thought. But although the foregoing has to be admitted, we are still brought face to face with human nature as it is. And human nature, as represented by the rougher element of even *quasi-religious* parties, is of a somewhat benighted nature.

It is perhaps urging too much to ask that *all* band playing be subject to permission from the police, yet this is infinitely preferable to any repetition of last week's disgraceful affair.

These fights generally take place at night, and the remedy SATURDAY NIGHT would suggest is that no band whatever be allowed to serenade the streets after 6 o'clock without permission from the Chief Constable. This would settle the whole trouble.

Souls in Mufti.

Human nature is an enigma, and few of us are that which we seem. To such a pitch is this craving for presenting the unreal side of our nature carried, that men will descend to the most absurd subterfuge in order to convey the impression of an erroneous individuality.

Officers in the Imperial service have a marked penchant for appearing when off duty in the garb of the civilian, whilst the citizen soldier, on the contrary, does his uniform on every possible occasion and is shrewdly suspected of going to bed in the same. But though our actions may be perfectly natural and removed from all thought of merely playing a part—yet we are not what we seem, or rather the bearing of most is totally at variance with our preconceived ideas of what the outward conformation of such and such an individuality should be. The stout red-faced female whose every movement and appearance are suggestive of all that is purely animal, is very often the most sentimental creature in the world, whilst the large-eyed, sad-looking girl is altogether lacking in the element of romance. It is generally the insignificant-looking man in the company who rolls out the most martial sentiments, and trolls forth "Oh, I am a pirate bold" and other songs which smack of murder and sudden death on the southern seas, whilst we have all seen the consumptive-looking young man who suffers from *mal de lac* when crossing the lake on the Niagara trip, and who, when the island lights loom up on the home voyage, vexes the night winds with his wild, longing desire for "a life hon the hocean wave an' a 'ome hon the rolling deep." Robert Bonner, late of the New York *Ledger*, is responsible for the saying that the only poetry worth reading is written, as a rule, by men who are physically the very antithesis of the thin, sallow-faced, undersized individual with whom we always connect poetry and a Byronic collar. That fine, dashing fellow on parade looks equal to charging up to a dozen batteries, yet when the troops are on active service and hostile bullets are pinging and whizzing like hailstones it is generally the quiet, somewhat undersized sub, with a girlish face and a resolute heart, who volunteers to lead a forlorn hope.

Men often object to another because the latter never looks you in the face. The general inference is that he is not honest. An honest man, they say, will always look you in the face. Never was there a greater fallacy. Crime may not stamp its seal upon the brow of every criminal. Sneak thieves have been known to possess a most open countenance, and executed murderers have given undeniable evidence during *post mortem* of a well-developed bump of benevolence. And just so long as the world shall last, it will be in the future as it has been in the past. A large majority of the beings we and our descendants know, and shall know, clothe, and will clothe their souls in mufti.

The Last Carouse.

[The following strange poem relates to the times in India when the British troops were decimated by cholera. It is a fine illustration of that *esprit de corps* which even Death in its most hideous form -Pestilence—can not overcome.]

We meet 'neath the sounding rafter,
And the walls around are bare;
As they shout back our peals of laughter
It seems that the dead are there.
Then stand to your glasses, steady!
We drink to our comrades' eyes;
One cup to the dead a-ready—
Hurrah for the next that dies!

Not here are the goblets glowing,
Not here is the vintage sweet;
'Tis cold as our hearts are growing,
And dark as the doom we meet.
But stand to your glasses, steady!
And soon shall our pulses rise;
A cup to the dead already—
Hurrah for the next that dies!

There's many a hand that's shaking,
And many a cheek that's sunk;
But soon, though our hearts are breaking,
They'll burn with the wine we've drunk.
Then stand to your glasses, steady!
'Tis here the revival lies;
Quaff a cup to the dead already—
Hurrah for the next that dies!

Time was when we laughed at others;
We thought we were wiser then;
Ha! ha! let them think of their mothers,
Who hope to see them again.
No! stand to your glasses, steady!
The thoughtless is here the wise;
One cup to the dead already—
Hurrah for the next that dies!

Not a sigh for the lot that darkles,
Not a tear for the friend is that sink;
We'll call 'midst the wine cup's sparkles,
As mute as the wine we drink.
Come stand to your glasses, steady!
'Tis this that the respite buys;
A cup to the dead already—
Hurrah for the next that dies!

There's a mist on the glass congealing,
'Tis the harricane's sultry breath;
And thus does the warmth of feeling
Turn ice in the grasp of Death.
But stand to your glasses, steady!
For a moment the vapor flies;
Quaff a cup to the dead already—
Hurrah for the next that dies!

Who dreads to the dust returning?
Who shrinks from the sable shore,
Where the high and haughty yearning
Of the soul can sting no more?
No, stand to your glasses, steady!
The world is a world of lies;
A cup to the dead already—
And hurrah for the next that dies!

Cut off from the land that bore us,
Betrayed by the land we find,
When the brightest have gone before us,
And the dullest are most behind—
Stand, stand to your glasses, steady!
'Tis all we have left to prize;
One cup to the dead already—
Hurrah for the next that dies!

BARTHOLOMEW DOWLING.

The Bloody Shirt.

The origin of the phrase, "The bloody shirt," is in a Corsican custom, now nearly, if not quite, obsolete. In the days of the fierce vendette—the feuds which divided Corsican family from family—bloodshed was a common occurrence. Before the burial of a murdered man the gridata was celebrated. This word, which literally means a crying aloud, may be translated "a wake." The body of the victim was laid upon a plank; his useless firearms were placed near his hand, and his bloodstained shirt was hung above his head. Around the rude bier sat a circle of women, wrapped in their black mantles, who rocked themselves to and fro with strange wailings. The men, relatives and friends of the murdered man, fully armed, stood around the room, mad with thirst for revenge. Then one of the women—the wife or mother or sister of the dead man—with a sharp scream would snatch the bloody shirt, and waving it aloft, begin the vocero—the lamentation. This rhythmic discourse was made up of alternate expressions of love for the dead and hatred of his enemies; and its startling images and tremendous curses were echoed in the faces and mutterings of the armed mourners.

Animal Passion.

We are so constituted that the more our animal nature is curbed and restrained, the greater becomes the soul's supremacy over it; but, on the other hand, the more we indulge it, and yield to its demands, the more we lose our power of self-control, until, at length, the will is utterly dethroned, and we are carried headlong down the path to hopeless disaster.

Life, Labor and Leisure at Chautauqua.

For Saturday Night.

"What is the derivation of Chautauqua?" asked a fellow-passenger of me as I sat out upon the deck of one of the Chautauqua lake steamers that run between Jamestown and Chautauqua. "Chautauqua," I replied, "means *easy death*, from an Indian legend connected with the lake, but modern philologists have worked out for it a more skilful derivation from three Indian words, Chau-tau-qua—*I do bleed*. Every tourist and summer resorter feels the full force of this last translation—root, stem and prefix. This being my third season here, I have been able to view Chautauqua from various angles. Like the shrewd Yankee who preferred "statoos to picters," because he could walk right around the former, so I have thought it well to consider Chautauqua in the light of a *statoo* rather than that of a *picter*, so that I too might walk around it. I need not tell readers of SATURDAY NIGHT that the "Chautauqua idea" is pre-eminently an American idea, born in the brain of the present chancellor of the University—Dr. J. H. Vincent—now a bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States. During the past twelve or fourteen years it has developed from the chrysalis of a camp meeting into an assembly, thence to its present proportions of a *quasi* university. I say *quasi* because it has a regularly organized faculty in all departments, but as yet, I believe, has not conferred any arts degree.

What the outcome of the movement will prove time alone can tell. I may say at the outset that I think but little of the C. L. S. C. Superficiality is the bane of this age. It is an evil in Canadian education but glaringly disfigures the body educational of this republic. It must be admitted that the American people are shrewd, practical and progressive. That many of their universities and seats of learning rank high indeed must be willingly conceded, but their anxiety to become scholars in a moment has kept time with the elevators in their hotels, and so instead of ascending the stairway of knowledge slowly, surely and solidly they are ever inventing a kind of a mental elevator whereby they may reach the dome-light of knowledge without touching the stepping stones of toil. In the first place the course read by members of the C. L. S. C. has little solidity in it. Add to this the fact that minds entirely untrained, untutored and uncultivated will attempt the course, it may be easily seen what kind of scholarship must be the product of such a gypsy curriculum. Again look at the test examination that follows at the end of each year's reading. The questions submitted in many instances are childish and call for answers whose length, breadth and massiveness are very similar to those found on life insurance papers where "yes," "no" and "about twenty" constitute full and satisfactory answers. We all know that humility is the very beginning of true knowledge, but where young men and middle-aged women who have scarcely mastered the declensions in Latin and Greek, nor the genders in German, nor the article in French, fancy themselves walking Ciceros, shouting Demosthenes, talking Victor Hugos and philosophizing Goethes, there is little hope of a true education. Last year I met a young man who, belonging to the peripatetic school of Athenian philosophers, was walking up and down beneath an umbrageous Chautauqua tree dedicated to Cornelius Nepos—a Cicero in hand—with his classic brow bared to the breeze. I accosted him and made enquiries about his work. I found he had studied Latin four weeks and was now enjoying the beautiful and rhetorical sentiments of Cicero in his oration against Catiline—and that, too, in the original. "Who is your teacher?" I asked; "Prof ——," he replied, "*the ablest* teacher in the United States." I ventured to say that in my opinion there was one more scholar in the great republic his equal in Latin—a man up at Devil's Lake, in Dakota. The young man took in the humor of the situation as well as the absurdity of his statement and was forthwith silent. Back in the twilight of my school days in the declining of my classic morn, when I first smiled upon a Latin grammar, I have a tingling memory of the hours, days, weeks—nay more—months that I spent in studying the Latin grammar, ere my good old professor thought it profitable for me to shake hands with one of the old classics, but now by the "inductive method," or "look and translate method," or some other new-fangled method, the young man is lifted by the boot-straps over the declensions, the pronouns, the verb regular and irregular, syntax, prosody, and the back cover of the book, into the assurance that in six months he is a living, moving, breathing Roman Horace or Juvenal, and that, too, without the necessity of going over the old corduroy declensions, or committing the foot-notes and exceptions unaided by a Lolsette, as I was wont to do in boyhood days. And then the pronunciation! Whew! I was taught the good old continental— But here it is a compromise between modern and ancient. I cannot but think that baseball has materially injured the pronunciation of Latin at Harvard and Yale. Latin has been running the bases, and has got as far as second base. There it has remained second and base ever since.

Entertainment at Chautauqua has not been as good as usual this year, though there have been some very good things here. Several spoke to me of the pleasing entertainment given some time ago here by our Canadian Bengough. I was pleased to hear our talented Canadian cartoonist spoken so highly of. It could not have been otherwise, for I have always held Mr. Bengough to be one of the able cartoonists of America, and I assured my American friends that the editor of *Grip* excelled also in another department—the writing of obituary poems—this latter is a dead fact!

I must not forget to say that we have readers and readers here. The prevailing fault with American readers is a want of finish. They do not seem to incarnate in their voice the subtle spirit of the passage. If the readings which are popular here be a standard of American taste—which I trust is not so—the heart of the republic of letters over here requires digitalis, its brain wants pho-phorus and its soul the purifying influence of a better life.

THOMAS O'HAGAN, M.A.

CHAUTAUQUA, Aug. 11.

The Author of Ben Hur.

For Saturday Night.

A sketch of the author of Ben Hur, General Lew Wallace, which has been lately going the rounds of the press recalls to my memory the impressions which this popular American writer made upon my mind while listening to his lecture and readings at Chautauqua, N. Y., in the summer of 1885. Amongst the noted personages who fill the *roles* of lecturer and reader at Chautauqua it must be confessed that there are not a few who fall very flat when brought face to face with honest canons of criticism—when subjected to a microscopic examination based on true merit. The author of Ben Hur, however, was not among those who disappointed. Though possessed of but few of the finer graces of education, his readings from Ben Hur were marked by great fidelity to the spirit of the passages he interpreted, as well as a naturalness and heart tone that at once held you in the meshes of deep interest. As a speaker his personal appearance is much in his favor: I should fancy that Lew Wallace stands two inches less than six feet in height, with broad shoulders, prominent forehead, strong but benevolent features, and an eye indicative of a true, just and kindly heart. Like Cæsar of old, the author of Ben Hur has been a benefactor to the Republic both in letters and arms. As an ambassador for four years at the Court of Constantinople, General Wallace had excellent opportunities of studying the Eastern character. In his lecture on Turkey the author of Ben Hur gave a much more flattering estimate of the Turkish character than that held by English statesmen, for instance, Gladstone. He paid tribute to the bravery and piety of the Turks, and this, too, in the face of the fact that the disciple of Mahomet is outside the Christian pale. What a lesson to those who can find nothing but error and darkness outside the little ecclesiastical cottage built by their own hands. It may be interesting to note here the circumstance which gave rise to the writing of Ben Hur. Once upon a time Gen. Wallace and Bob Ingersoll were fellow travelers in a railway coach. A discussion took place between them touching the divinity of Christ, the noted champion of infidelity denying it. As they parted Col. Ingersoll said to Wallace, "I think if you give the same thought to this question that I have you will be brought to me in my contention." Gen. Wallace from that time forth read widely on the point at issue, and the conclusion he arrived at has been given to the world in the bright and pure pages of Ben Hur, a work which, though written by a Protestant has become popular with Catholic readers of both the United States and Canada. a priest of the Roman Catholic Church in the Western States having lately translated it into German for the benefit of German readers.

Is is pleasant to note that a novel from the pen of General Lew Wallace, at once so pure in thought, so noble in purpose, has found its way into the literary heart of Catholicity, while Father Lambert's reply to Ingersoll, which cut the champion of infidelity as with a Damascus blade, has found its way into more Protestant homes than any other work written upon the same question. Perhaps when we come to know each other better there will be less grape and round shot fired from platform and pulpits into the homes and churches of our neighbors, and our hearts may learn in time to sincerely respect the faith of all others. CATHOLICUS.

TORONTO, Ont.

An Adage.

The saying, "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," is commonly attributed to the Bible. It is in the story of Maria in Sterne's Sentimental Journey. It is nearly word for word with a sentence in the Premices of Henri Estienne (1594): "*Dieu mesure le froid a la brebis tondue.*" Herbert, in his Jacula Prudentum (1640), has: "To a close shorn sheep God gives wind by measure." In the Memoirs of Henri de Beauregard (1757-1824) a Savoyard abba remarks, less poetically: "God cuts a man's coat according to his measure." It is not unusual for persons to make use of favorite quotations and to credit them to the Bible, who, if they knew the real origin of them, would hesitate. Not very long ago a gentleman who said he regarded Shakespeare as vile and wicked (some person had told him so, for he admitted never having read any of the great poet's works), used the line: "There is a tide in the affairs of men," and added, "as was said by Paul in his Epistles." And yet he seemed to be pious and sincere, notwithstanding the fact that he evidently knew as little about the Scriptures as he did about Shakespeare.

Hints on Packing.

A few days ago I was very much amused, and also a little indignant, while overhearing a conversation by several young ladies on packing for holidays. One young lady thought packing a very great trouble, and no wonder—she never could remember what she put in her box. Another was sure always to leave something out; and a third had generally to take everything out again to see, perhaps, if hair-pins or something equally important had been put at the bottom. Now, to such very wise and methodical young ladies I would venture a few hints on the subject. Before beginning to pack, consider what is necessary during your absence from home, from your under-garments to your laces; lay them out the day previous to departure, then take a look over them to see if anything is wanting. Proceed first with your under-linen, as these things lie flat and heavy; then your unstarched skirts and aprons, and put your woolens on top of these. Sometimes there are little gaps between these things, which may be filled with stockings, or anything that won't spoil with crushing. Your heaviest dresses should be placed in the trunk next, and the starched ones on the top of all. Little nick-nacks and laces should be put in your bonnet-box. By following such a simple plan you will save yourselves, and perhaps those around you, a deal of worry and trouble.

The manner of giving shows the character of the giver more than the gift itself.—*E. H. Chapin.*

On Divers Strings.

Maud Muller.

For Saturday Night.

All that year from spring to fall
Maud daily pounded the tennis ball;

And the judge, like the close-cropped turf, was green
And vowed that her like was never seen.

His court was gloomy and her's was bright,
And he saw not the net though plain in sight.

Now there was a bench in the pleasant shade
And he sat thereon to watch the maid;

Remarking, with lawyer's ready wit,
Where there's a bench a judge may sit.

So he watched her bounding light and free
And learned of the game's quaint witchery;

Till the poison worked in his learned brain
And he took a hand in the old love game.

And noted each move with a watchful eye
Till he owned 'twas a case he'd like to try.

So it went on for a week or more
The judge getting posted in tennis lore;

And the lawyers winked with sly grimace
One day in a very important case,

When His Lordship ruled that the plaintiff's claim
Was "deuce," then "vantage" and lastly "game!"

And a roar of laughter shocked the gloom
Of the legal gentlemen's private room;

When the veteran pleader that was o'erthrown
Swore that the judge had Maud-lin grown.

And they laughed till His Lordship cut 'em short
By threatening fines for contempt of court.

They were married one lovely Autumn day;
But alas! ere a year had rolled away,

'Twas his firm conviction, and deeply rooted,
That some way or other he'd got non-suited.

And he sighed that his suit hadn't chanced to be
Thrown into tedious chancery.

For the judgment he'd got was not the kind
To chord with a finely balanced mind.

And he longed with a useless vain regret
To be on the bench beyond the net,

Where he'd sat so oft on a summer day
Watching the graceful maiden play.

For the old love game was played no more
And she had the vantage every score;

And the racket she raised was not the same
As she gracefully swung in the tennis game.

Alas! for maiden, alas! for judge,
He soon developed a taste for "budge."

And wearied of endless domestic war
Tried a liquor case at another bar.

'Til the stronger spirits closed a bout
By finally knocking his spirit out,

One morning the judge and a bottle lay
With both of their spirits passed away.

And the coroner said that they smelled of gin,
And his jury decided it might have been.

E. W. SANDYS (Nomad)

Have Faith.

For Saturday Night.

I.

With heart bowed down, and burdened with much care,
I walked the city street, too cold the air
For hungry man and poor to feel serene.

Crept in a doubt of God, His care and love.

II.

From stony eave an English sparrow flew;
Poor bird, thought I, your prospects, too, are blue,
A sorry plight we're in alike, I ween.

The sunlight pierced the heavy cloud above.

III.

Came by a farmer man with load of wheat,
Saw the wee bird and threw down in the street
A handful large, not scant, nor small, nor mean.

The little sparrow ate, was filled and glad.

IV.

Now trust returned to me and on I went—
No special place marked out in my intent—
And where work waited me was I soon seen.

Now fed am I, and warmed and duly clad. SNAX.

Doggerel Advice.

For Saturday Night.

Two friends at noonday did most gladly go
Unto the Turtle Hall of Billy Clow,
And at a table presently they sit,
Prepared to down their beer and pick a bit.
One was a sportsman, ignorant of blood,
His friend, a veteran of the field and flood.

Said number one—"I can't contrive at all
About a dog for sport this coming fall;
I want a dog well-trained, both staunch and true,
Just such a dog, old chap, as hunts for you."
"Buy one," remarked his friend, "Too dear." "Then steal
Some other fellow's dog that's been afield."

"No, that won't do," responded number one,
"Perchance, I might pay dearly for my fun;
But I must have a dog—no hare-trained cit,
But one that knows the sport just like myself."
The friend's eyes snapped. "If that is all," said he,
"Grab the first yaller cur you chance to see!"

—E. W. S.

Mimico.

No fairer spot can well be found
For picnic, tryst, or camping ground,
Than this fair shore, whose leafy glade
Has shunned the woodman's circling blade.
White fleecy clouds its tree tops cap,
Whilst rippling wavelets gently lap,
With syren music, sweet and low,
The pebbled beach of Mimico.

H. E. C.

Here and There.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE CLUBS

When one short month has ta'en the bloom off matrimonial life,
The dullest company in the world is Benedict's own wife.

To love your wife is happiness—the highest—but to be
Berett of love for her, once loved, 's supremest misery.

Replete with interest to all, our last bewitching flame
Whose chiefest charm is this, she's another's trusted dame.

The fascinating woman's never ours, never, for then
Her charms would pale away before the brides of other men.

The married butterfly's a card, who sipping, loves to roam,
Always at home save when, alas! the rascal *is* at home.

The honeymoon is passing sweet. Oh, hollow! hollow! hollow!
'Tis only sweet compared unto the bitter days that follow.

The highest matrimonial bliss, our wisest men have said,
Dwelt in the peaceful mind of him, who pass'd from life unwed.

Two silent women walked the earth, with calm perfection's tread,
The one has never yet been seen—the other's long s'nce dead.

Men love but little here below, mere trifles light as air,
And dote upon their club because, there are no women there.

H. K. C.

***

The English upper ten has still a few within its fold who are determined that the manly art of self-defence shall not be consigned to the cold shades of the past. Two of its number are Lord Dudley, the owner of the famous diamonds, and that hero of the London cabbies, Lord Marcus Beresford, who is probably the handiest man with his "bunch of fives" of whom the upper ten can boast.

***

The latest exploits of these two tufts is in connection with a fight between a couple of lightweights at Goodwood last week. The mill was progressing merrily, one having successfully landed one on the "bread-basket" of his opponent, and the latter cheerfully giving the bread-winner "one for 'is nob," when presto Jack, the police swooped down on the crowd, and all was confusion and dismay.

***

In the language of the ring this advent of the uninvited was simply "ojious," for no fighter nowadays can hope to successfully "put up his dukes" in the presence of the law, and to their credit be it said the principals in the present case cheerfully recognized the truth of this.

***

But what could they do? One of their seconds was already arrested. Bribery and corruption in the case under discussion was evidently a lost or depreciated art. Evidently something had to be done, or, at the least temporary confinement and no gate money was the immediate prospect. Lord Marcus solved the problem in a trice. His money was up on one combatant—Lord Dudley was equally involved in the interests of the other. Leaping into the saddle (for the cattle of each noble lord were on the ground), Beresford dragged his man behind him, Dudley doing similar service for his opponent, and in a moment the milling ground was deserted.

***

The police were nowhere. Probably they were not too anxious to press matters unduly for Lord Dudley is rich; and as for Lord Marcus, with that middle-aged patrician, it is a word and a blow, with the blow first, consequently it is not very surprising to find the two Lochinvars managed to have the battle fought to a finish, with only themselves as spectators. What a privilege it is to be a noble lord!

***

Our neighbors across the line have been considerably exercised in regard to Amelie Rives' book, The Quick and the Dead, and not without reason. It is said that one of the grossest books of modern time—always excepting La Terre—is Alphonse Daudet's "Sappho." Well, I don't know whether it is or not. It is certainly a book full of horrors, but it does not disgust one. It's lesson, such as it is, is sad rather than revolting. Yet the material Daudet had to handle was tenfold more hopeless than that on which Miss Rives undertook to build a novel. And of the two it may be doubted as to whether the miserable wanton in Sappho, who to a large extent is the creature of circumstances, is not a truer and a higher type of womanhood than the noisy heroine who wallows in the pig-like puddle stirred up by Miss Amelie Rives.

***

An English contemporary announces, according to Labouchere, that Lord Stanley of Preston is an improvement on Lord Lansdowne as Governor-General of Canada, inasmuch as he speaks French fluently, whereas his predecessor's knowledge of that language was very limited. Lord Lansdowne, whose mother was a daughter of the late Comte de l'Ishault, has a thorough knowledge of French, and speaks that language as if he had never quitted the Faubourg St. Germain, being, I should say, fully the equal of Lord Granville who, during the time he ruled at the Foreign Office, was esteemed the only Englishman who could speak French "as she is spoke" by the Parisians.

***

Your true blue and no surrender Tory member in the English House of Commons has a remarkable antipathy to Charles Stewart Parnell. On one occasion Parnell's death was reported in the House. A Conservative member, a fine old country gentleman, was terribly excited by the news. He wanted to know when and where it happened. "Have you heard the news?" he asked of a fellow member; "Parnell's dead." "Oh, that's all rot," was the reply; "for I happen to know that he isn't."

"How do you know?" "I know, because I have just seen him, and he says he isn't." "Pooh!" was the reply, "Parnell would say anything."

***

The real count, but more often his *counterfeit*, has in times gone by enjoyed tolerably good sport amongst those foolish people in the States whose equilibrium is so often overturned by the sudden accumulation of wealth. These nouveaux riches have had almost a monopoly of the imported article, to which they are heartily welcome as far as Canada is concerned. But our country has been invaded at last, and a base attempt has been made to foist one of these *chevaliers d' industrie* on our unworthy shoulders. Happily the climate has proved too frigid for him and he has shaken the dust of the land from his Muscovite feet forever.

***

The first report to which we were treated was to the effect that a certain Count Hoffenburgh, whilst in Cleveland, had fallen desperately in love with a beautiful Canadian, and was bound to have her. So far, so good, and very pretty and touching too withal. But this is the age of realism, and the brushing away of the cobwebs from the legends of a bygone age, and the case under consideration is not exempt from the ruthless pencil of the argus-eyed reporter of a New York paper, who in the most cold blooded fashion steps into the arena and pronounces the Muscovite a fraud of the worst kind. He says, furthermore, that he knows the girl, her father keeps a store in Chatham, Ontario, and instead of being a blonde and pretty, has a wealth of reddish hair and—oh, cut that is unkindest of all—is "apple-faced." Now, what on earth is meant by "apple-faced" I do not know, but I feel convinced it is something most unromantic. As for the genuineness of the Count, *that* is disposed of in the statement that the nobleman in question is a waiter at the Genesee House in Buffalo.

***

An epidemic of crime has raged well nigh over this continent during the past few months, but the brutal act of the Long Island tavern-keeper, William Bovas, out-Herod's Herod in this connection. The London coster bears a most unsavory reputation for "jumping on" and kicking the wife of his bosom when the latter is in that condition which should most appeal to the forbearance of him who has sworn to protect her, but such brutality loses half its hideousness in comparison with the exasperating ferocity of the tavernkeeper of Rockaway Beach. This fiend has for a long time been in the habit of relieving his brutish feelings by pounding his wife. But pounding is not the only enormity known to this human nightmare. Several months ago, in a fit of drunken fury, he fell upon the poor woman and deliberately gouged out one of her eyes with his thumb. Semi-sightless and disfigured the poor creature, with all a loving woman's clinging to the man she loved, refused to make any complaint to the police and forgave her abuser, who, so far from regretting his inhuman conduct, appears to have gloried in the act. But the climax was yet to come and is almost too horrible to relate. Last Sunday Bovas went to Brooklyn and returned home "fighting drunk." Of course none but a woman could be the antagonist of such a wild beast. A quarrel was commenced—such a quarrel as took place betwixt the wolf and the lamb in the fable—and with the exclamation "Now I'll get your other eye" this human hyena—oh, that I could find words to properly name him—fastened his talons in her poor, quivering flesh and tore out the one remaining eye. Perhaps I should not describe such a scene, which is unfitted for the eyes and the ears of gentle womanhood, but when I think of the long dreary night which has flung its shadows around this unoffending victim my pen refuses all control, and I can but express my heartfelt regret that no *man* was nigh on that fatal Sunday to have spared my sex the disgrace which has fallen upon it.

ST. GEORGE.

Success in Life.

Failure is often God's own tool for carving out some of the finest outlines in the character of His children. And even as to this life, bitter and almost crushing failures have often in them the germs of new and quiet unimagined happiness. Some of us have found it so. I would answer, that indomitable perseverance and capacity for work stand first—good ability I would place second, and good temper third. With indomitable perseverance and capacity for work a man may overcome all difficulties, and make good all deficiencies of education, even though his intellect may not be above the average. But, of course, good brain-power, and a natural aptitude for the business to be followed, contribute greatly to success. Good temper is also extremely important, without it a man is apt to throw away his advantages, and lose the aid of friends. Bad temper, in fact, is a constant impediment to success, and often a fatal one.

Conversation.

To converse upon evil-doings, with all their debasing details, lowers the moral tone of all who engage in it. No one rises from such a conversation quite so pure, quite so high-minded, quite so tender-hearted as before. Youth especially, exposed to such influences, quickly learns lessons of gossip and calumny. Except in the rare cases where justice demands investigation, the subject of evil-doing may be rightly banished from conversation. Absolute reticence is more effective in diminishing wrong-doing than the strongest showing forth or reprehension.

Good Fairies.

After all, the race of good fairies is not quite extinct. They are human, the good fairies of the present, and their power is limited. They cannot turn a melon into a Lord Mayor's coach, or a lizard into a prize footman; but there is much that can be done, if people will only do it, with the wand of charity. The good Samaritan, who went out of his way and took some trouble to help his fellow-creature, is a grander ideal than Cinderella's fairy, who had the command of all Wonderland, and never took any trouble at all.

Terrible Lies.

Translated from the German for Saturday Night by Hale.

A little charming breakfast-table. Everything bright and white; the silver tea-spoons, the shining sugar-bowl (wedding present from Aunt Kitty), cups and saucers with hand-painted flowers of a puzzling variety (wedding present from dear Clara, who paints so beautifully), a new rustling table-cover, with the prettiest little napkin—and above all, a housekeeper of six weeks' experience, in blue morning costume, with blue eyes to match, a dear little snub nose, and soft white hands, made to flatter and caress.

"Yes, Fred, we certainly must go! Mamma writes to-day for the third time, that if we ever intend making visits it's high time to do so."

The husband strode to the window. "It is a fine day, the chances are favorable, so—by all means let us go! I will hurry through with my patients to-day, leave a couple of weak-minded fair ones for to-morrow, and be here at eleven o'clock with the carriage."

"Oh, that is grand! At last I can wear my pretty visiting hat, and my new brown dress with the fur trimming—but Fred, I am a little afraid of all these strange people, for I have never yet made a real visit. In our little town we were nearly all related."

The doctor goes to his desk and takes out a long list. The young wife stands on tip-toe and looks inquisitively over his shoulder. "Fred, how did you separate them so cleverly? Which side shall we take to-day—friends first, of course?"

"Duty, above all, sweetheart!"

"That is to say, Mamma."

"My little wife," he strokes her cheeks softly, "must swallow a bitter pill to-day, lot of formal visits, necessary evil! Just look over the names, and I'll give you an idea who they are."

She reads: "The Judge Millers——"

"Brother and sister," breaks in the doctor, "she is a blue stocking."

"Major Smith."

"Not him, vain child."

"Consul Sudheimer."

"Amiable fellow, but on the lake to-day, sure."

"Lady Kohnvanet."

"Would be delightful were it not for her wealth, you would collapse, child, before you reached the presence."

"Then don't let us go, please, the first day."

"All right, my dear, cross her name out. We will take a couple of professional ladies instead, and—but it's striking nine. I must go, give me a kiss quick—punctual at eleven."

He comes, exact to the minute, and hurries up the steps to dress. She stands in youth and expectation in the drawing-room.

"Ugh, how you smell of carbol."

"Can't help it, Annchen, had all I could do to get away, have my head full of other things. Is that also a reproach to a married man?"

"But Fred!"

"O, yes, I know, it is only through punctually made visits that one enters the paradise of the *Gebildeten*, that it is a deadly sin if one does not lay aside the weightiest task in order to tumble into a neighbor's house at the most inopportune hour. And there one sits for five minutes, either in a cold salon, where the hostess catches a cold in her nose, or in a hot sitting-room, where one catches lung disease that will end in one's death. In either case one chatters nons——rip! There, I've torn my glove!" So partly growling, partly laughing, his toilet is completed, and the young pair hurry down the steps. The doctor gives the coachman the addresses, and away rolls the carriage.

"Fred, I'm so happy, aren't you?"

"Come, let me look at you, sure enough she is in earnest! Happy, what about? But let me strange. I will give the business a diplomatic beginning—but here we are!"

The carriage stops, they run up the steps. "Is your mistress at home?" "Yes, sir."

They enter the sitting-room. A lady, no longer young, rises from behind a wall of books and periodicals, a little dog trots towards the intruders, and amidst the chattering and chirping of several canary birds the introduction takes place—chairs creak—an anxious pause—a long look from the sharp, gray eyes at the fresh young apparition—and with a sudden inspiration the lady plunges into the newest literary topics. "What do you think of Herr Paulus? How do you like Humber's articles in *Saturday Evening*? Have you read Widower Brown? and O, wonder! although the young wife knows full well that her husband has read nothing but medical works for months, she hears him now agree with the lady, now disputing, as though fully possessed of all particulars. "And you," says the fair disputant, turning suddenly to the young wife, "do you agree with your husband on these questions?"

"Oh! I—I—I know nothing about them. Papa did not like me to read much, and mamma thought it better for me to learn housekeeping. But I liked to read Wordsworth on Sundays very much."

The Doctor stands up; the lady of the house would still like to have his views on hypnology, and presses an invitation for to-morrow evening to a cup of tea. He ponders: "To-morrow evening, to-morrow evening, Annchen, what was that for to-morrow evening?"

"Nothing——"

"Yes, of course," he suddenly remembers, "a consultation. What a pity! If it be over early enough we will come; if not—our best thanks."

Five minutes later they are speeding along in the carriage.

"Fred dear, I felt so ignorant; why didn't you also let me read the beautiful books?"

He laughs; "'Also!' as though I myself had seen them even with half an eye!"

"But you talked——"

"Talked—no, I swam!"

"And the consultation; I knew nothing about that either. You laugh. Surely that was not an untruth?"

"No, don't be alarmed, sweetheart, you shall see how I will consult with you the whole evening—but stop!" he leans out of the carriage window, "quick, driver, turn in to the red mansion!"

"But isn't that Lady Kohnvanet's, Fred, you promised me——"

"Quiet, child, see yonder stands her coupe in front of the jeweler's."

"Yes, but it seems like stealing a visit."

The doctor laughs till the tears come to his eyes. "What do you think then of little Col. Beaver, who sends his carriage around empty, his servant leaving cards for him, and in this way makes eighty visits in a day, while he sits in his club. All the world knows it, but then, the exchange is fair—one lies and is lied to."

She is becoming quite pale. The carriage stops. Two servants in livery hurry forward.

"Does Lady Kohnvanet receive?"

"My lady receives on Tuesdays. She drove out five minutes ago."

"O, I thought Mondays, as formerly."

The cards are given, the Doctor rubs his hands with satisfaction. "Now quick, Dennisfille square, 5." He runs up the steps, sings, a small voice calls through the door "Who is there?"

"It is I, Nelly, Doctor Fred!"

"But we're not a bit sick, and I can't open the door, can't reach the knob, wait and I'll bring a stool or mamma!"

"So, so, at home!"—nevertheless the door is opened by a servant, holding the child by the hand, who assures him that Mrs. Dennisfille is gone out. "O, Lizzy," cries Little Nell, "you story-teller, mama never goes out with her hair in papers, and there she is shaking her finger at me." The doctor takes his leave of truthful Nelly, laughing, and hurries on.

The next visit is to Prof. Skye's. The old cook asks them to wait till Mrs. Skye comes home, and meanwhile invites them to be seated. The doctor looks at his watch, knits his brows, and a murmured "impossible" suffices for excuse. With the words, "quick, quick, before she returns," he draws his astonished wife into the carriage. "Ha! we are in luck," and the young husband peers out of every window. Suddenly he seizes the cord, and almost before the vehicle stops he is on the sidewalk shaking hands with a young man, speaks a couple of words, laughs, raises his hat, and with a delighted visage returns, calls several names to the coachman and springs into the carriage.

"The day is won, sweetheart," a sounding kiss—a cry. "Fred, my new hat," and away they go.

"Yes, but what is the matter?"

"Don't you understand, Annchen? That was Jack Baderham, he comes from the Empire Club, and tells me who of my acquaintance are there, and if we hurry we will find nobody at home, and have accomplished wonders in two hours." Another cry—"Now you have torn my veil!"

At one o'clock the young couple reach home. He, jolly and happy, calls "Jenny, the soup." She, tired and dispirited, lets the visiting cards fall from her hand to the carpet and sinks upon the lounge.

"O, Fred, I can't get over it. Why did we do that? And you, who value truth above everything, have really—forgiven me!—done nothing for two hours but tell lies. O, if mamma knew!"

"Now, child, look at it from the brighter side. Those were only fibs, necessary untruths, which one must use, more or less, mostly in the spring or fall. It is give and take, and therefore one need not reproach one's self. After dinner I will explain more fully, now——" Her pretty face has cleared a little. She removes her hat and takes her husband by the hands: "Fred, before we sit down to dinner, look me in the eyes and say one word, just one, that is true and upright, that I can believe, which will drive away everything false, and which comes from your heart."

"Wife of my heart—I am—terribly—hungry!"

Hospitality.

"But though my cates be mean, take them in good part;
Be'ter cheer you may have, but not with better heart."

Who would desire a more hearty welcome? No sumptuous entertainment is proffered—nothing but the simple fare of everyday life; yet the words have a ring of sincerity that many a more effusively expressed invitation too often lacks.

"Given to hospitality!" 'Tis a moral excellence, and if not taking rank among the cardinal virtues, is surely worthy of a place in the second order. And to fully realize its charm, tarry awhile beneath the roof of some toothrifty host.

"Small cheer and great welcome makes a merry feast," is almost proverbial. Then imagine, if you can, the over-frugal fare and the cool reception combined—truly, a Barmecide's feast would be exhilarating in comparison, for *there* might, at least, be merriment.

What a marked contrast is there between Shakespeare's poor shepherd and his well-to-do employer, who, converting his possessions into money, closes his doors against the wayfarer.

Asks Rosalind (in the forest of Ardennes):

"I pr'ythee, shepherd, if that love of gold
Can in this desert place buy entertainment,
Bring us where we may rest ourselves and feed."

Replies Corin:

"My master is of churlish disposition,
And little recks to find the way to heaven
By doing deeds of hospitality;
And all our sheepcote now,
By reason of his absence, there is nothing
That you can feed on. But what is, come see,
And in my voice most welcome shall you be."

In the pages of Holy Writ there is frequent mention of "the stranger within the gates;" and in one verse this command is especially enjoined: "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares."

Yet not only in Bible lands, but throughout the East, from earliest times, the stranger was held in honor and regard.

In the verse of the Odyssey, what generous treatment he receives! what lavish hospitality is showered upon him! And, by-the-way, what unpoetic appetites those Homeric heroes exhibited! We are almost overwhelmed by the materiality of their feasts.

'Tis a relief to come upon Calypso's more æsthetic entertainment of Jove's messenger:

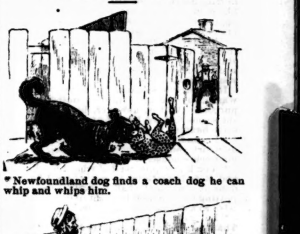
"The goddess, speaking thus, before him placed
A table, where the heaped ambrosia lay,
And mingled the red nectar."

To follow the steps of the "pilgrim and stranger" during the middle ages would be impossible; they are recorded in both history and romance. Yet he seems to have met with a welcome, whether sought at the baron's hall, the forester's hut or even the monk's cell, and came he in disguise of errant knight, or wandering minstrel, or pilgrim under a holy vow.

And if these acts of hospitality were accorded to the stranger from motives of benevolence, custom or creed, how much more sweet and gracious are they when prompted by the happy mingling of old acquaintanceship and love!

"Stay," says Alcott, "is a charming word in a friend's vocabulary."

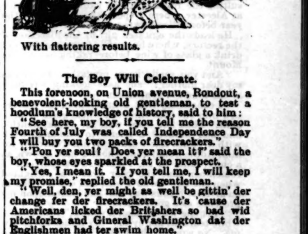
The Stableman's Successful Ruse.



* Newfoundland dog finds a coach dog he can whip and whips him.

Which enrages the stableman, who paints a bull dog to resemble his pet.

And exposes the bull dog to a rash attack from the enemy.



With flattering results.

The Boy Will Celebrate.

This forenoon, on Union avenue, Rondout, a benevolent-looking old gentleman, to test a hoodlum's knowledge of history, said to him:

"See here, my boy, if you tell me the reason Fourth of July was called Independence Day I will buy you two packs of firecrackers."

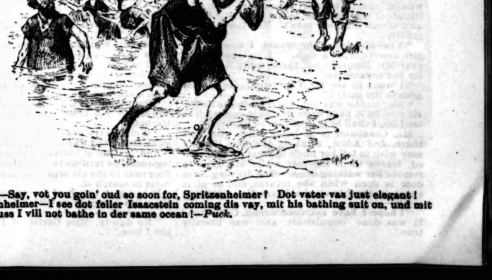
"'Pon yer soul? Does yer mean it?" said the boy, whose eyes sparkled at the prospect.

"Yes, I mean it. If you tell me, I will keep my promise," replied the old gentleman.

"Well, den, yer might as well be gittin' der change fer der firecrackers. It's 'cause der Americans licked der Britishers so bad wid pitchforks and General Washington dat der Englishmen had ter swim home."

The boy got the firecrackers.

Measureless Enmity.



Freund—Say, vot you goin' out so soon for, Spritzenheimer? Dot vater vas just elegant! Spritzenheimer—I see dot feller Isaacstein coming dis way, mit his bathing suit on, und mit dot mean cuss I will not bathe in der same ocean!—*Puck.*

Her Mother's Marriage

CHAPTER VI.

Old Mr. Ramsey is still to live at the rectory. His son and Esther have only consented to go there on that condition. But the bride and bridegroom are to spend the month of March in the South of France; so the latter, who has still some symptoms of his weakness hanging about him, may escape the cold east winds of early spring. Mr. Ramsey is almost childisnly happy at the prospect of having Geoffrey with him, for he has lived a lonely life for several years, his elder son John having obtained a Government appointment in India.

Bella Conniston has taken upon herself the management of her father's house, and it is gradually becoming attached to Addie, who, though an acknowledged beauty, shows no disposition to monopolize attention on that account. Indeed, Bella is not a little gratified to see how well her cousin keeps Vic Proctor at a distance, for that gentleman has long deemed himself irresistible and has evidently found himself for once at fault.

The reports in circulation respecting Addie's mother, being of an uncomplimentary nature, have not yet reached the Connistons' ears; neither have they lost anything in going the round of Bickington "society." They have made Vic Proctor anything but amiable, however, and Addie's bearing towards him has goaded him to desperation. About three weeks after the wedding he resolves to see her alone by some means to speak to her of his love. Happening to hear that her cousins are at a dinner party at Dr. Bright's, Mr. Proctor imagines that she will be at home alone, for he knows that she never visits anywhere, excusing herself under the plea of her deep mourning.

She is not at home, however, when at about seven o'clock in the evening—the doctor's invitations were for that hour—he knocks at the door of the Mount.

"She has gone to church to practise, but will be home soon, as it is nearly dark," the servant says. "Will Mr. Proctor please to wait?"

He prefers to go to meet her, however, and hurries away in the direction of the church. She is just coming out from the porch as he approaches, and answers his Good evening in her ordinary manner.

"I should be glad if you would kindly listen to me a few minutes, Miss Newton," he says abruptly. "I have tried so often to have a word with you, but have never been able to see you alone until now."

"If it were not so dark, Mr. Proctor might be warned by the girl's face to desist from his purpose. As it is, however, he is aware that she seems to draw herself up as she says, with some hauteur:

"I cannot conceive that there is any matter on which you might not have spoken to me in my uncle's house."

"You know quite well of what I would speak and it is immaterial to me where I do it, but done it must and shall be," Mr. Proctor says, putting one hand on her arm to detain her. "I wish to ask you to be my wife."

"Be good enough to remove your hand. Thanks," she says, coldly, as he complies. "I think, Mr. Proctor, that you know as well as I do what my answer must be. Many thanks for the honor, but I cannot accept it."

"You think that because of my abruptness this evening I do not love you, but you are mistaken. I have loved you since I saw you on the day that Mr. Herbert came."

"Oh! I hope not; indeed, I hope not," Addie cries, with suddenly awakened earnestness. "If you really do care for me, I am truly sorry, for I cannot give you any other answer than that I have given."

"Take time to think of it," Mr. Proctor says, restraining his anger and mortification by a strong effort.

"Time can make no difference. I have no intention of marrying at all."

"Perhaps your mother's career has been a lesson to you!" the exasperated man says, bitterly; "for, by all accounts, she has had no pleasant experience."

"Sir! you forget yourself. What can you know of my mother?" Addie asks, in tremulous tones.

"Not very much, certainly," Proctor rejoins, with a cruel laugh. "Remember this, Miss Newton—I would have married your grandeur and not let a shadow rest on your name, and that would be acting a more manly part than your father did; for, as far as I can make out, nobody knows whether he married your mother or not."

The cruel, cowardly words seem to paralyse the astonished girl. Before she can reply, however, Mr. Ramsey comes up to her, and drawing her arm within his, says indignantly—

"Mr. Proctor, I need not apologize for having overheard your last remark; I must have been deaf had I not done so. Fortunately, I can set your mind at rest respecting this young lady's mother—who was as virtuous as she was lovely—for I performed the marriage ceremony between Mr. Newton and herself. Should you or any other busybody have any doubt on the subject, you will find proof of what I say by consulting the register in the church of St. Peter at Alcester, where I spent the summer of the year before Miss Newton was born."

He leads the agitated girl in the direction of the rectory, where he insists upon making her drink a glass of wine before taking her to the Mount.

"And you really knew my father, as well as my dear mother?" Addie says, looking wistfully at the kind old gentleman.

"I cannot say that I knew him, for I never saw him but that once, and then was quite by accident. I had not been well for some months, and had induced a friend to exchange work with me for a few weeks. While I did duty for him, Addie Connisto, whom I had known as a child, came to St. Peter's to be married. I remember that the poor dear was delighted when she knew who I was, and she told me in an artless, joyous way that she looked upon my presence as a good omen."

"Yet she was so soon a widow," Addie says, while tears fill her eyes. "My father never saw me. No wonder she looked sad, for she must have loved him dearly."

"Yes; she loved him too well—that is, I mean she would have felt his loss less had she not been so passionately attached to him," Mr. Ramsey says, in a restless fashion usual with him. "Do you feel better now, Miss Addie?"

"Yes, thank you. Mr. Ramsey, is it not strange that I know so little about my father?" Addie asks, as she rises and fastens her dark furs about her fair white throat.

"Why, my dear, considering that the time he spent with your poor mother was so short, and the parting so painful—"

"Ah! yes. Mamma could not speak of it. But I wonder who he was, and if he had any relatives?" Addie says, wistfully.

"Do you not think, that if your mother had wished you to become acquainted with any friends of his that she would have written you some narrow for your sake?" Mr. Ramsey says, gently.

"Yes—oh! yes. She would, I know," the girl asserts, with a sigh. "I am ready now, dear Mr. Ramsey; but there really is no need for you to come too."

"I intend to see Mr. Connisto. He has not gone to the party?"

"No; but he was out when I left the house. He may be in now, however; so if you wish to see him, I shall be glad of your company."

Mr. Connisto is at home when they get there, and Addie, thinking that Mr. Ramsey may wish to tell her uncle of what has happened, leaves them together while she goes to remove her walking-dress. The drawing-room door is open when she returns, and as all is silent in the house, she hears the rector remark:

"I hope I have not done wrong, Connisto! It was done impulsively, and was literally true."

"My dear friend, I thank you sincerely," Mr. Conniston replies. "Ah! Addie, my dear, come in. Mr. Ramsey tells me you have been rather alarmed. Do not stay out after this child, or I shall be unpopular with you in future."

"The evenings are getting lighter now," Addie says with a smile, though she is very pale. "Only one week more, and dear Essie will be back."

The two gentlemen have always plenty to say on a topic of such interest, and Addie is thankful to have diverted their thoughts from herself. But she feels unable to join in the conversation, for those words of the rector have troubled her greatly. Was he alluding to what he had said to Mr. Proctor when he had hoped he had not done wrong? And if so, why was he so anxious for her uncle's approval? She sighs as she remembers the gratitude expressed in her uncle's reply. Oh! why does she not know what mystery is connected with that unknown father's life?

When Mr. Ramsey takes his leave, Addie half fears that Mr. Conniston will say something to her respecting Victor Proctor's strange behavior. He does not, however, but commences to tell her, instead, that he has been up to the Hall and that Mr. Herbert has been speaking to his mother that, owing to Esther's marriage and other events, there has been no opportunity of having the girls there, they should be asked to come some day that he is sure them prior to the bride's return. Of course Addie knows that the invitation will include herself, and she would give much pleasure by declining it, but she feels sure that her uncle will not be pleased if she does so.

"Lady Crowley and Miss Wellsford have been over to-day, Addie, and were staying at Bercrombie's place, the other side of Bagton, and drove to Bickington to see Mrs. Herbert, who has not been very well for several days," Mr. Conniston remarks, as he settles down comfortably in his favorite chair. "That Miss Wellsford really is a handsome woman, and from Mrs. Herbert's manner in speaking of her it seems likely enough that Mr. Herbert will marry her."

"Lady Crowley's husband is alive, is he not? He does not seem to have much of her company," Addie says, drawing nearer to the fire and shivering as she speaks.

"Oh! yes. He lives in Huntville when he is not in town; a fine place somewhere in Yorkshire, I think," her uncle replies.

"And has a family, uncle?"

"No. This Lady Crowley has had no children since she married the earl. I chanced to hear from a bagman that she married her to please his uncle, the earl who preceded him, and who might have willed an immense sum of money to her had he refused. She was a widow of a young officer who had once rendered the earl an important service, and for whom he had a very strong regard. That was the story which my friend Clinton told me, and, if true, accounts perhaps for the indifference which seems to exist between the husband and wife. But you are weary, child. Go to bed and I will tell Jane to bring you something to do you good. I'm afraid you spend too much time in that cold church," Mr. Conniston says, anxiously.

"I am only tired. Yes; I think I will go to bed. if you have your newspaper to keep you company till the girls come home. They will be so long now, and glad as I am to be alone, Addie goes upstairs after kissing her uncle affectionately.

"Yes; there has been a great deal of interest in the well-lined walls, the beautiful oriel window and magnificent organ which Mr. Herbert has had put in order specially for this occasion.

"It is very grand—solemn almost. How beautiful some of these faces are!"

"Yes; there has been some beauties among our women in days gone by," Mr. Herbert says, watching her every movement.

"And will be again, Mr. Herbert," Gertie says, in her friendly, outspoken way. "You will not give us a dowdy to reign over us?"

"Gertie—Gertie!" Bella cries, reprovingly.

"But Mr. Herbert does not answer us."

"I hope," he says, with a smile, "that if ever I do bring home a wife, she will scarcely be a dowdy. And now let us induce your cousin to play the old organ. It has been closed for years until now. I hope you will favor us, Miss Newton?"

She does so willingly, gladly; and as the soft, mellow notes fill the large, lofty room, a solemn hush comes upon the little assembly.

"Oh! how glad I am that it is not such an instrument," Addie says, with a gentle sigh, as she rises from the stool. "Who had this dear old organ placed there, Mr. Herbert?"

"My great grandfather, who was blind. I am so glad you like it; I have had it put in repair because I knew you would be able to appreciate it. And now, come here! This picture pushes aside and reveals a door. There is a small turret-chamber, from which stairs can be ascended with the assistance of a lantern, but, for some reason or other, is always deserted. Now, I hope you will come here at any time, and enjoy the pleasure of touching those old keys. There is no need to come in the evening, unless you care to do so. I will tell the housekeeper not to be alarmed at the sound of the organ at any time. My mother avoids the gallery as if it were the plague; but she knows that you are fond of music, and that I am going to ask you to keep the key of the turret-door."

"It is very kind of you," Addie says, gratefully. "I want to get Bella to practise more on the organ; but Mr. Childe, the organist of the church, is a little bit fussy. Whenever you have company you must keep us out in some way, though. May we depend upon that?"

"I will bolt the door on the inside if you wish it," Mr. Herbert readily agrees.

"And now, Mr. Herbert," Bella puts in, "if you will kindly show us the way down by the stairs, I think we shall be ready to go home. I could see it was quite an effort to Mrs. Herbert to keep her head up during luncheon, and she will not be sorry to secured the need of seeing us again. Those bilious turns are so distressing."

"But I will be host and hostess," Mr. Herbert says, eagerly, when a servant enters.

"Lady Crowley and Miss Wellsford are in the amber drawing-room, sir," he says, with a bow. "Mrs. Herbert sends word that she is utterly unable to see them, and to request you to do so."

"I and my mother I will be with them shortly," Mr. Herbert says, quietly.

"We should really prefer to go now," Addie says, coming to Bella's aid. "Show us the way out on the terrace, please, and we will neglect to profit by the possession of this key."

"Well, since you will go, I suppose you must," Mr. Herbert says, though he really is not sorry that they will not meet Lady Crowley and Miss Wellsford; for he feels sure that those ladies would give pain to them, either by word or look.

So down the winding-stair they go, and Mr. Herbert lingers with them until Gertie says, with a saucy glance—

"I'm afraid you will have to fall back on the drawing-room if you offend youth and beauty, Mr. Herbert."

"Well, I'll try to avoid that fate," he laughs, as he shows the way into the park.

And, instead of hastening to the amber drawing-room, he returns to the gallery, and on the floor near to the old organ he finds what he has come in search of.

It is a tiny bunch of snowdrops, half-faded. He raises it eagerly, as with a flush on his cheek he murmurs—

"Dowdy. Miss Gertie, if I can win the girl I love."

Lady Crowley conceals her annoyance at having to wait so long for Mr. Herbert, but a dark cloud gathers on her daughter's brow, for the servant has revealed the unpalatable fact that his master is showing the picture gallery to some ladies.

"Here—just what his mother told us! That girl—what's her name!—is making a regular set at him! The idea of keeping me waiting for her!"

The arrival of Mr. Herbert's aristocratic visitors is due to the receipt of a letter from his mother, stating that "dear Keith will insist on having the young people to dinner, and that nice-looking cousin, who seems to fascinate him so strangely, is to be of the party."

Keith knows nothing of the letter, however, and would be surprised at Diana's lowering brows if he had any thoughts to waste upon her. So he apologises briefly for having kept her ladyship waiting, and is relieved from further concern, for Mrs. Herbert has reconsidered her statement that she cannot see them, and sends to them to ask them to come to her room. An hour later Lady Crowley leaves the Hall, unaccompanied by her daughter, who cannot leave "dear Mrs. Herbert" while that lady is so unwell. Perhaps it is because Mrs. Herbert's mind is not at ease, or it may be that she has been too anxious to make a good impression on her humbler neighbors, but she confides herself too much lately; anyway she is very far from well, and is very glad of Diana Wellsford's company.

"Ah! my dear," she says, as the young lady takes a sponge from the hands of the maid to bathe the poor throbbing temples, "if I had such a daughter as you I should be happy indeed."

And Diana, with conscious blushes, kisses the speaker's cheek, and, after giving the maid permission to go out for a breath of air, asks a question Mrs. Herbert about the objectionable young lady who has forced herself—so Diana expresses herself—on Mr. Herbert's notice.

"To do her justice," Mrs. Herbert says, with a sigh, "I do not think she tries to attract Keith's notice in any way. Indeed, I happen to know that she tried to excuse herself from coming here to-day, for I overheard one of her cousins ask her, as they passed into the conservatory, if she were not glad at having consented to come."

"I am afraid, dear Mrs. Herbert, that she is very fond of Mr. Herbert," Diana says, with a flashing eyes. "Of course, it is preposterous to think that Mr. Herbert is seriously contemplating the possibility of marrying such a girl."

"Indeed, my dear, you have no idea how elegant she is. Mrs. Herbert says, with a frown; "and Keith is quite capable of doing anything which he sets his mind on. Of one thing we may be sure, he will not lower himself to flirt with her; so if we see him paying her some particular attention we shall know that he is in earnest."

"But, dear Mrs. Herbert, that is surely impossible! Your son ought to marry someone in his own sphere, or in a higher even," Diana says, vehemently.

"My dear, if he would bring me such a daughter as yourself, I should be content," the elder lady says, pressing the girl's hand, affectionately. "And I think he is rather a favorite with you," she adds, softly.

Instead of replying, Diana breaks into a passionate storm of sobs and tears. Mrs. Herbert draws her head down beside her on the couch.

"Dear Diana, you must help to make him forget this girl. You are so beautiful that I wonder you have not had him at your feet already," she says, soothingly.

"That is just the reason why I am beginning to distrust my powers," the girl says, with an impatient gesture. "Other men follow me without an atom of encouragement, and he seems equally indifferent to smiles or frowns. Mrs. Herbert has been plenty of opportunity to speak of love, if he were so inclined. It is all that miserable girl's fault. I know it is."

"Nay, dear, we must try to prejudice him against her in some way, but my head is too bad to think how we are to do it now."

"Forgive me, dear Mrs. Herbert," Diana says, contritely. "I quite forgot myself."

"I understand, my dear. I was young once," Mrs. Herbert says, with a faint smile. "And I am proud enough of my boy to excuse you for having a preference for him. Now, bathe your face, for he will come up to see me soon."

But Mrs. Herbert sends up to ask if his mother will be able to come down to dinner, and as she does not he proposes to send some for her and Miss Wellsford by the maid. As Diana has as yet no evening dress with her, she assures Mrs. Herbert that she very much prefers to remain with her. But they both feel resentful when they learn that Mr. Herbert, after musing a hasty meal, went out for a ride instead of endeavoring to obtain permission to sit with them.

"It is all that girl's doings; how I hate her!" Diana Wellsford mutters, as Mrs. Herbert lies back with closed eyes.

CHAPTER VII.

Addie Newton has bravely resolved to go on her way steadily, without suffering any of the unruly thoughts and feelings which sometimes rise unbidden within her to betray themselves to anyone around her.

"I cannot welcome the attentions of any of the eligible young fellows in the village as Bella does, but I can enjoy some things in life," she thinks, with a sad smile. "I do not see why I need deny myself the pleasure of going to the Hall sometimes, especially as Bella will be with me."

And Bella is very eager to go. She is, moreover, becoming much attached to Addie, who never makes any effort to attract the notice of any of the few gentlemen who are on visiting terms at the Mount, and who are always ready to do anything to help or please her cousins.

So, as soon as Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Ramsey are installed in their new home, Bella proposes to commence lessons on the old organ. It has not transpired that Miss Wellsford is at the Hall, for that young lady is most devoted to Mrs. Herbert, whose goodwill she has been so fortunate as to win, and who does not understand the fair Diana in secret trying to find out some flaw in Miss Newton's character, and, at the same time, to pique Keith Herbert by apparently ignoring his existence.

Keith seems well content to be ignored. He does not think it needful to bolt the door of the turret on Miss Wellsford's account, seeing that he never goes near the picture gallery. He watches for the coming of the two girls for the daily lesson, and lingers where the sounds of the music will reach him, never giving any token of his presence.

On the fourth visit of Bella and Addie, Mr. Herbert has quite ceased to expect them. They have been detained unexpectedly at home in the noon instead of going as usual at about three o'clock. But Bella does not relish being disappointed, so they set out after an early tea.

Mr. Conniston has observed casually that Mr. Herbert has gone up to town, and Addie feels a strange sense of security as she walks with Bella's side. Yet she is not happy, happy, and there is a pathetic droop about the corners of her mouth which causes matter-of-fact Bella to ask her whether she is tired.

"Just a trifle lazy, I think," Addie smiles, "but I shall find a cure for that when we reach the Hall."

"Well, how stupid I am," Bella cries as she ascends the terrace steps. "I have never brought that symphony of Beethoven's, and I do so particularly want to try it! I'll run back, Addie. It will not take me long. You go and get a rest. I shall be back in twenty minutes."

Addie hesitates, but feeling tired, and not thinking it possible that any one will disturb her in the quiet solemn-looking room, she goes softly up the winding stair, and having looked for a few minutes at her favorite pictures, commences to play soft dreamy airs that used to delight her mother in the quiet northern home. She has never attempted them before since her mother's death, but her sad mood, and the influence of the time and place impel her to do so now. The associations connected with them rise in her mind, tears fill her eyes. She strives in vain to control her emotion, the long pent up sorrow for the past, the vague uneasy trouble of the present rush in a flood over her heart, her fingers refuse to obey her, and bowing her head upon her hands, she weeps unrestrainedly.

"Addie, my beloved, tell me what ails you?" a voice says passionately, and Keith Herbert draws her towards him.

"Oh! I was thinking on Wednesday, Mr. Herbert," she cries, rising in confusion. "My cousin has gone back—"

"I saw her go as I returned from the station. A groom rode after me when I left home, bringing a telegram, which caused me to alter my purpose. But where are you going?" You cannot suppose that I am to let you go now until I have said more?"

"I—I was playing dear mamma's favorites for the first time—" she begins, much for my life!" the girls say, while her cheeks glow at the remembrance of his words.

"I am glad that you played them here. You know what a joy the day is not far distant when you will not come in here by the winding stair, but by the corridor leading from the western wing. Addie, do you have no pride? Do you love me well enough to be my wife?"

The flush on her cheeks deepens for an instant, a momentary ray of heartfelt joy lends additional lustre to her eyes; then, becoming pale and timid, she draws back.

"Mr. Herbert, I am the niece of your agent. I cannot permit you to talk of love and marriage to me. Think of your proud mother—"

"I have thought of her, and, deeply as I love her, I cannot set her before you," the young man interrupts, hotly. "If you will be kind to me, and say that you return my love."

"Which I cannot do," Addie says, decisively.

Mr. Herbert looks at her pleadingly.

"I do not think I am a vain man," he says, in a low voice, "and yet, in spite of your coldness to me, I have cherished a hope that you were not indifferent to me. I feel I am not deceiving myself—and I hope for the sake of my future peace that I have not—let me beg of you not to reject me from any mistaken motive. Do not consider that your relationship to Mr. Conniston is any drawback. He is in every sense of the word a gentleman, and I cannot conceive that he is aught but pleased to know that I owe the pleasure of a more intimate acquaintance with you to that fact. Answer me truly, I beg of you—do you love me at all, ever so slightly?"

Addie is very much agitated.

"Mr. Herbert," she says, tremulously, "I wish you would not press me for an answer. Let me assure you that I did love you, I could not think of listening to you—I mean to allow you to induce me to consent to—to what you ask, because I could not be sure of my mother would receive me as an equal. You will think I am proud—perhaps I am—but it is not a quality of which I am ashamed."

"If my mother loves you as you yourself you will not be so hard, surely! You do not realise how deeply and truly I love you. Try to overcome this reluctance, for my mother will soon be your mother, too."

"She would come to me under pressure," Addie rejoins, closing her eyes as if to shut out the temptation. "Only a few days ago I told Mr. Ramsey that she had but one wish ungratified, and that was to see you wedded to—to a lady in your own rank of life."

"Ah! that is the point that separates us! You have not said that you do not love me, Addie."

She looks at him for one brief instant, and her lips quiver with pain.

"My darling! I knew that I was not mistaken," he cries, drawing her to him in an ecstacy of triumph. "You do love me, and cannot yield to my entreaties. Oh! my darling, how can you hesitate to choose between a life of perfect love and one of cold, unreasoning pride?"

"Nay, it is quite reasonable, and I must persist. But, stay, let me speak to my uncle. I know nothing of my mother's family or fortune. It may be that on his side I am well connected. All I know of him is that he was not a poor man, and that he was united to my mother by a clergyman of Mr. Ramsey. Perhaps when I know more about him—"

She stops suddenly and turns faint as the words of Mr. Ramsey, spoken on the night when Vic Proctor proposed to her, recur to her mind.

"Yes, dear Addie, I will come down with you to your uncle," Mr. Herbert says, eagerly. "I would rather see him myself first, please. And, Mr. Herbert, do not be too sanguine. Unless I feel more on an equality with your mother than I do now I cannot hope for her sanction to an engagement between us."

"Darling," the young lover says, earnestly, "do not let that weigh with you. I shall be having one word from you. If things turn out well, and your uncle can satisfy you, you promise to be mine?"

"As I said before, I will not say no now," Addie says, in a whisper.

"And so you do love me?" Keith asks, with a smile.

"It would be foolish to deny it now," she replies, with a vivid blush. "But, oh! what unhappiness we may bring for ourselves if we have to be separated after all."

"We must not be separated, my own Addie," her lover says, raising her face and kissing it passionately.

"Oh! Keith, it is not right. How could you do it?" Addie cries releasing herself, and turning reproachfully upon her lover.

"My dear, it is right! And I kiss you again thus, and thus; for you are mine by the divine right of mutual love."

"Go!—go. Bella will be here soon. Do not let her find you here. I—I am so upset. Please go!" Addie cries, with crimson cheeks.

"Good-bye, my darling! Will you let me hear from you soon?"

"Yes, yes—to-morrow, by some means."

And as Keith Herbert turns away he feels no foreboding of any evil to come between him and the fair, delicate girl who sits trying to control her emotion before Bella comes in. He is too absorbed in thought to notice a figure standing in the shadow of a curtain as he passes along the corridor on which the gallery opens, nor does he know how quickly his mother is informed that he has been flirting in the music-room with "that artful Miss Newton."

The figure was that of Diana Wellsford, who, by dint of bribing Mrs. Herbert's maid, has contrived to get as much information respecting Miss Newton's family as is generally known.

Mr. Proctor has deeply resented Addie's rejection of his suit, and has taken special care that Miss Newton's detained unfavorably in her mother's character a secret, so that busy tongues have done much to spread the notion that Mrs. Newton is not quite above suspicion in matrimonial morals.

"Mr. Herbert ought to know what is the common talk of the village respecting the girl's parents," Diana says, trembling with passion, and with a sneer on her handsome face. Idle remarks of envious tongues, after having her anger aroused by finding that Mr. Herbert has been in a tete with Addie for nearly a quarter of an hour.

"He shall know, my dear. You go and lie down for a little while, and I will ask him to come to me," Mrs. Herbert says, trying to calm Diana's temper. "He ought not to have any intercourse with such as she is."

"Keith goes at once to his mother's room on hearing that she wishes to see him. He is glad to find her alone.

"Miss Wellsford is not with you, mother?" he asks, in some surprise.

"The dear girl is lying down for half an hour. No one knows how devoted that girl is to me. Keith, my boy, how is it that you do not seem more anxious to have her company? She is the girl of all others whom I should like to see you specially devoted to. See how beautiful she is, to say nothing of her connections, who are all that I could desire even for Keith Herbert."

"Perhaps is, no doubt, all you say, mother, but I have no particular liking for her, though of course I feel grateful to her for being kind to you while you have been so unwell. I do hope, dear mother," the young man says, laying a caressing hand on her shoulder, "that you are not going to attach more importance to connections, and such like things, than to other and more vital considerations.

"Why, my dear, you know that I shall be dreadfully disappointed if you do not marry well, by which I mean above, rather than below, our own circle. There is no one in this neighborhood fit for the honor."

"Not perhaps in point of birth. Yet, my dear mother, I must beg to differ with you when you say no one is 'fit for the honor!' You know, I think, to whom I allude. Through all my life you have been anxious for my happiness, mother. I trust you will not fail me now. If Addie Newton will be my wife I shall deem myself the happiest of men."

"Keith, are you mad? Oh! my boy, I hope you do not seriously care for her," Mrs. Herbert cries, for there is something in his face which tells her that this girl has no slight influence with him.

"I love her as a man loves but once," Keith says, with decision in his voice. "Mother, you will not oppose my happiness?"

"My dear boy, if she were respectable even, it would be different," Mrs. Herbert says, in great excitement; "but reports are so painful concerning her."

"What reports?" Keith asks, sternly.

"Who dares to malign her?"

"It is the mother who was—not quite what she ought to be. I am sorry to say it, my dear, since you have taken this notion in your head; but people go so far as to say her mother was never married."

"That is the penalty Miss Newton has to pay for being so superior to the wretched village gossips," Keith says, with a scornful smile. "I am glad to be able to inform you that Mr. Ramsey married Addie Conniston to Mr. Newton. No doubt the other reports are equally false. Anyway, mother, Addie Newton has only to say 'Yes' and I shall be proud to make her my wife.

"She will say that readily enough," Mrs. Herbert returns, with a sigh.

"There you do her an injustice, mother, or I should be an engaged man now," Keith says, quietly. "Indeed, perhaps I should say that I am engaged, for I am hoping yet for a favorable reply. When I asked her to be my wife she declined positively; but I have induced her to reconsider her answer. The matter stands thus: If on consulting her uncle she is satisfied that the Newtons were socially the superiors of the Connistons, she will be my wife, otherwise she will refuse. I pray Heaven that her answer may be a favorable one, for, now I know that she loves me, life will be unendurable without her."

"And I pray that something may cause her to reject you, though such a step is scarcely to be hoped for. Keith, this is the first time I have ever felt that I wish I had no son."

"You do not know what you say, mother. I will leave you now."

And with a sense of coming evil upon him the young man goes out from his mother's presence.

(To be Continued.)

A Well-Informed Judge.

Jim Webster and Sam Johnsing were up before an Austin justice of the peace for theft. Jim Webster of our neighborhood several days ago, while Sam Johnsing's came up soon after. Sam is a simple-minded darkey. On Sam being arraigned, the judge said:

"Your partner has already confessed to another theft, in which you are implicated."

"I reckon yer must be hintin at dem clothes what was stolen from Col. Jones' yard night before las'," said Sam.

"I never heard of that robbery. That was not the one your partner confessed to."

"Lemme see! O, yes, jedge, I remembers now. You is alludin' to dem chickens Jedge Smith raised sich a row about last Saturday. I believe I does remember sumthin about dat ar."

The judge shook his head.

"Dat sumthin afeer I'se losing my memory. Was it some firswood in Ward No. 5, jedge?"

"Try again."

"Hit must have been de gemman what missed his pants in de boardin' house, but dats barred by de statures of limits, jedge. Dat happened last mumf ago."

"You haven't hit it yet."

"Jedge, you knows more about what's stolen in dis town den I does. I don't ask yer to takes a inter yer conscience, but if yer will jes' say what hit is yer is hintin' at I'll plead guilty. I ain't gwinter take no risks wid a man who am as well posted as you is."

A Reliable Servant.

"Here is a note I want you to hand to Mrs. Lively when you are sure she is looking," said a New York society man to a colored servant at a fashionable Fifth avenue residence.

"Yes, sah," replied Sambo, showing his ivories.

"But mind you, don't whisper a word to a living soul."

"Yes, sah. Hit jess rest easy about dat, b. ss. Yesterday I fotched dat ar same woman a letter from a nudder gemman, an' I ain't said a word 'bout it to nobody yit. You kin jess rest easy 'bout my opening my moul."

German Joke.

Prospective son-in-law—Modern custom justifies me in asking you how much you are going to give your daughter in case we marry.

Prospective father-in-law—Yes, and modern custom justifies me in asking you how many of your debts you expect to pay with my money."

She Felt Sorry for Him.

A young Texas lady of violent temper, just about to be married, was found by a friend to be weeping bitterly.

"Why do you weep, Fanny?"

"I just can't help it," replied the sobbing bride.

"But your future husband is one of the very best men in the world."

"I know it, and that's what makes me cry. I've got such a tender heart that it makes me weep to think how, after we are married, I'll be smashing his hair and his face filled with tears. The poor man hasn't got the least idea of the fate that awaits him." And once more the eyes of the bride-to-be were filled with tears, and her chin quivered like a bowl of calf's-foot jelly.

His First Venture.

Friend (to young photographer)—Well, how are you getting along? Taken any negatives yet?

Photographer—Yes; one. I proposed to Amelia last night and she refused me."

Just the Difference.

Gubbins, in one of the rare moments he devotes to the cultivation of his intellect, was reading aloud from a work on natural history.

"The camel is an animal that can work a week without drinking."

"And I," remarked Gubbins, commenting on the text, "I am an animal that can drink a week without working."

Enjoying Life.

Stranger—You don't look very happy, friend. Met with some heavy loss?

"No, sir. I have just retired from business to enjoy life."

WITCH HAZEL;

Or, THE SECRET OF THE LOCKET.

By MRS. GEORGIE SHELDON.

Author of "Geoffrey's Victory," "Brownie's Triumph," "The Forsaken Bride," etc.

CHAPTER I.

THE WRECK.

On a small island, four miles distant from any land, there stands a huge light-house, whose weather-beaten sides have braved the storms of nearly half a century.

Strong and rugged, it towers aloft, rising from its rocky bed to the height of sixty feet, and, like some grim sentinel, keeps watch over the wide waste of waters which stretches out on every side around it. Night by night, as soon as the sun sinks beneath the horizon, its huge lamps are swung aloft in the great tower, where, with stately revolutions, they send streaming forth upon the murky sea a white, a blue, a red, and a green glow, to warn distant vessels from the treacherous rocks and shoals that lie all about it.

Close beside this massive structure, and built up against it, is the small house in which dwells the honest and faithful man whose duty it is to keep the light aloft trimmed and burning.

A large garden slopes away from this to the south, and the whole is inclosed by a massive wall to protect it from the fierce storms and mountain waves which sometimes sweep over this small oasis in the watery desert, as if bent upon its annihilation.

This garden is the pride of the light-house keeper and his little grandson, who spend much time raising choice vegetables and flowers, and, twice a week, ship them to the neighboring city by the bustling little tug-boat which touches at the island to leave necessary supplies for the few people who live there.

The only other inhabitants of the desolate place are a middle aged woman, who has kept house for the worthy light-keeper ever since the death of his wife, eight years prior to the opening of our story, and her son, who assists about the lights, minds the cow, pig, and chickens, and performs various other duties.

Old Sandy Morton, as the keeper was called, had been a sailor in his early life, and he dearly loved the sea in spite of the hardship which he had endured upon it, and the many sorrows it had brought him first and last.

He is tall, strong, stalwart—a perfect giant, in fact, physically—with a genial and honest, though weamed and weather-beaten face, and his sixty years of toil and hardship sit lightly upon him, and he is as punctual and conscientious in the performance of his duties as the rising and setting sun himself.

For more than twenty years he has held his present position, and, to all appearances, is likely to hold it for as many more.

His grandson, Percy, is a bright, handsome boy of ten, and wise beyond his years. Brown as a berry, from exposure to all kinds of weather, hardy as a mountain buck, and jolly as a young tar, there is yet something about him, a certain dignity and refinement, which makes him appear as if he should have been born to an entirely different kind of life.

He is the idol of his fond grandsire's heart, and the old gentleman cannot bear to have him out of his sight for even a single hour.

Years ago Sandy Morton had a promising son. He, too, was a sailor, having inherited his father's love for the sea, and he finally rose to be the captain of a fine merchantman, which was the pride of his heart.

Upon his return from his first trip as captain, he had married a sweet girl whom he had long loved, and she, refusing to be separated from him, declared that she would share the peril of the deep with him rather than live alone on land.

One short, happy year they spent together upon the bounding billows, and then, while in a foreign port, a fine boy was born to them. They set out upon their homeward voyage filled with hope and joy. Favoring gales speeded them on their way; smooth seas smiled treacherously until when almost in sight of their native shores, a fearful storm wrecked the stanch vessel, and husband and wife, and the best part of the crew, went down into the raging depths.

When a puny little child, only a few months old, was brought to Sandy Morton and his good wife, with the sad tidings that he was all they had left to be the comfort and stay of their declining years, it seemed at first as if life had lost all its charm for them—as if their burden was heavier than they could bear.

For two years Sandy Morton's wife devoted herself to the care of the child whom she grew to love most fondly; then she was called to another world, and Sandy felt as if but a very slender thread bound him to earth.

But day by day the tendrils of his heart twined themselves about the boy thus twice left motherless, until he became the very life of his life, the joy and solace of his old age, and now, at the age of ten, he believed him the finest boy in all the kingdom.

One dark evening in November, about this time, Sandy Morton and his grandson were sitting by the fire in their snug kitchen. The old gentleman was reading his weekly paper, Percy was engaged with a copy of Livingstone's Travels, of which he was very fond, while Mrs. Butler was busy with the week's mending.

All at once the outer door was flung noisily open, and a young man, of perhaps twenty-four years, appeared before the startled group with pale face and trembling limbs.

"What is it, Jim?" demanded the light-keeper, looking up from his paper.

"There's something wrong out yonder, sir," Jim responded, pointing with his thumb over his right shoulder toward the sea.

Sandy Morton arose quickly and strode to the door, for he never heard of a vessel in danger without thinking how his own son and his fair young wife had been lost when almost in sight of his own door.

The night was fearfully dark; the wind was blowing fiercely; the waves ran high, and leaped against the rock-girt island with a sullen roar like some wild animal in the act of springing upon its prey.

Suddenly, as Captain Morton looked, a vivid line of light went streaming up into the dark vault above, about a mile away to the south of him.

It was a rocket, and for a moment it lighted up the wild sea and threatening sky, then it went out, and thick darkness reigned again.

"What is it, grandfather?" asked Percy, who had dropped his book and followed the keeper to the door.

"There is a vessel of some kind in danger, and the captain is throwing lights as signals of distress," returned the man in a low, intense voice.

Then he called out in a tone of command:

"Jim, run! Get out the boat! We must do what we can."

"Sure, sir, we never can go to any ship on such a night as this; we couldn't see an inch afore us, let alone battling with such a sea."

"We must try it, at least. We've no right to turn our backs upon those perishing souls," the captain returned, resolutely, as he drew on a rough, heavy coat and pulled a fur cap down over his ears, followed his young man, who was already half way to the boat-house.

"Let me go with you, grandfather!" Percy cried, springing toward him, his eager young voice rising above the roar of the wind and the waves.

"No, no, lad; I couldn't risk you on such a wild night. If 'twas daylight I'd think about it, for maybe you could steer for us. Go in and stay with Mrs. Butler; keep the house warm and have plenty of hot water and blankets handy."

Percy knew that he must obey, but he looked wistfully after the old gentleman's receding form and his heart bounded into his throat, as, just then, he saw another rocket shoot upward, and he realized that perhaps scores of human beings might be on the verge of a watery grave.

It was with a grave, saddened face that he turned back into the house to deliver his grandfather's message about the blankets and hot water to the housekeeper.

But when Sandy Morton reached the boat-landing he saw that it was simply impossible to launch his boat. The waves ran so high that it was thrown roughly back upon the beach in spite of their most strenuous efforts, while the darkness was so intense that they could not see a hand's breadth before them. The wind howled and shrieked; the sea roared, as if in derision at their helplessness, while every now and then, far out over the surging billows, that line of flame would shoot upward telling of wreck, and ruin and death.

"We can't do it, Jim," Sandy Morton shouted in his man's ear; "she wouldn't live a minute in this sea; we'd be swamped in no time; and even if we weren't, we never could reach the ship in this pitchy darkness. We'll have to bide till morning, though my heart misgives me that those poor souls out yonder 'll all go to the bottom afore daylight."

"Aye, aye, sir," shouted Jim, in response, and then the two men, with heavy hearts, bore their boat back under cover, after which they returned to the warm and cheerful kitchen to wait for the dawn.

All night long the good lighthouse keeper watched those distant signals. He could not sleep; he was too heavily oppressed with fear and anxiety.

Frequently he went to the door to see what the weather was, looking out wistfully toward the spot where he knew the wreck to be, and longing to brave every danger and go to the rescue of those suffering, perishing people.

"They're wrecked on Ainslie Crag," he sighed, "in full sight of land. May the Lord have mercy on them and keep them safe till daylight breaks."

He had insisted that all the others should go to bed, although Percy had pleaded to be allowed to share his lonely vigil.

"No, my lad, go to bed and get what rest you can, for there's no knowing what to-morrow'll bring," the old man said, sadly. "I pray we may save some souls, but I'm sore afraid it'll be too late for them."

Just as soon as day began to dawn the keeper called his man, and together they went out into the cold and dismal storm to see what they could do.

To their great joy they could just discern the hulk of a large vessel stranded, as the captain had surmised, on Ainslie Crag, about a mile away.

The had just succeeded in launching their boat, when Percy came bounding down to the shore.

"Let me go—let me go!" he cried, with breathless eagerness. "I can steer; then you and Jim can both row."

The old man hesitated a moment.

The boy was the only being he had left to love, and he could not endure the thought of taking him into danger. Still he knew that he might be of great service, for he was an intelligent little sailor, and both he and Jim would have a hard pull at the bars at the best.

"Well, well, Percy, my lad, you shall go if you like, though I'd like it better had you staid in bed. The Lord preserve us all and grant that we may save some poor souls."

A minute later they were pulling toward that dark object and its perishing human freight.

But it was a fearful task. The wind was against them, while every wave threatened to swamp their frail craft, and though the two men bent all their strength to their oars, and the lad at the helm did his very best to help them, they made but slow progress.

"Hi, grandfather! she's off the rocks," Percy suddenly called out, and, turning to look, Sandy Morton saw that he had spoken truly.

A huge wave had lifted the vessel from her perilous position, only to drive her into more fearful danger, for he well knew that if her bottom was stove in she must surely sink in a very few minutes.

"Pull, man! pull for your life!" he cried, and with renewed energies they breasted the raging billows.

But even while they worked the keeper could see the doomed vessel settling lower and lower, and he feared that after all they would be too late to save a single life. His face grew white and rigid, and his heart was torn with agony, for too well he knew that it had been in just this way that his own son, with his fair young wife, had gone down to their death years ago.

They had been seen by the ill-fated people on board the steamer, and they who had strength enough left to do so crowded to the side of the vessel, calling with shrieks and prayers to the men to hasten and save them.

They were very near now, and a rope was thrown out to them; a moment more and they seized it and it was made fast to the boat.

But at that instant a terrible sound smote the ear of Sandy Morton, and the vessel rocked to and fro, then began to whirl slowly in the water.

"Look out, Jim! let go that rope! cut it! We're too late after all. Oh, heavens! the vessel's going down and we, too, shall be caught in the swirl of the waters. Off! off! Pull with all your might—port the helm, lad!" he concluded, gesticulating wildly to Percy.

Shriek after shriek of agony went up from the passengers of the ill fated steamer as they realized that their moment of doom had come. Frantic cries and prayers to be saved nearly drove the occupants of that small boat wild, for they knew how utterly powerless they were to do anything in the face of the opposing elements and this unforeseen calamity that had come so suddenly.

The rope was cut, and Jim was about to resume his oar and put all his energies into his master's command, when, from the end of the ship nearest them, there rang out a stern, authoritative voice:

"Here, man—just one moment—in God's name, hold out your arms! Quick! quick!"

Sandy Morton turned.

A man stood leaning far over the bulwarks, holding what looked to be a bundle of shawls and clothing.

The keeper had just time to stretch out his arms in obedience to the man's prayer, when the bundle came flying through space, propelled by the strength of despair, and dropped into them. Then the man with a white, agonized face, sank weak and helpless upon the deck, and Percy never forgot the sight to his dying day.

Sandy Morton dropped his burden in the bottom of the boat—he knew he had no time to lose—took up his oar and bidding his man pull for dear life, they managed to sweep out of the way of the doomed vessel, while a friendly wave just then bore them farther from the terrible danger that menaced them.

There was a repetition of that terrible sound that Sandy had heard before, like the suction of a great whirlpool, the great ship shook and trembled from stem to stern and then, reeling on one end, went down in that fearful vortex made by the swirling waters.

It was all over in less time than it takes to tell it, and only that frail boat with its awe-stricken occupants was visible upon that wild waste of waters as it was propelled by both oars back toward the friendly shore.

CHAPTER II.

WITCH HAZEL.

There was no need for Percy to mind the helm now, for every wave bore the boat directly in toward the light-house, and filled with curiosity regarding the bundle which had been thrown to his grandfather, he stooped down and raised it from the bottom of the boat.

The moment he touched it he knew that it contained a human being; but it was so bound about by clothing and shawls that it seemed more like an inanimate log.

He pulled away the wraps from one end and was thrilled by the sound of a quick, indrawn, sobbing breath, then by a frightened cry. The next moment he met a pair of soft, though terrified, blue eyes gazing up into his, and found himself looking down upon the white, startled, but very lovely face of a little girl.

"Oh, grandfather! it is a little child! we have saved one!" he cried to the light keeper, who only nodded that he heard, while a shudder of agony shook him from head to foot, as he thought of all those others who had gone down in the cruel depths, and whose cries for mercy and help were still ringing in his ears.

Instinctively the boy's arms closed around the small figure in a protecting way; he laid the little head against his shoulder, and murmured, reassuringly, with his lips close to her ear:

"Don't be afraid, little girl; you're all safe now, and we'll soon be home."

The child neither moved nor spoke, but she appeared to rest content within his embrace, while her large, beautiful eyes searched his face with an earnest, inquiring gaze, even though her sweet little mouth quivered with grief and fear.

They were soon at land; the boat was hauled up on shore by Sandy Morton and Jim, and then the former took Percy's precious burden from him, and they all bent their steps toward the light-house.

The keeper bore the child into the bright, warm kitchen, where Mrs. Butler had kept a roaring fire ever since the departure of the men for the ship.

He laid the child gently on a lounge that stood near the stove, and Percy began immediately to loosen her wraps.

"Lor'! Master Percy, what have we here?" inquired the curious housekeeper, coming nearer for a look at the little stranger.

"A dear little girl, Mrs. Butler," he said, an eager note of joy in his voice.

"And is that all you've brought away from yonder wreck!" the woman demanded, her ruddy face losing some of its color, a look of horror in her eyes.

"Yes, ali," the boy returned, with a shudder, while his grandfather turned away with a groan.

Percy removed a shawl and blanket from his little charge, and it was no small task either, for they had been securely bound around with a piece of stronc rope. Underneath these wrappings there was a little fur cloak of softest, finest seal, then a pretty flannel wrapper trimmed with swan's-down, and under this a light-robe of finest texture, with delicate lace gathered about the throat and wrists and showing that the little one had been taken from her berth to be swathed in wraps and prepared for the desperate experiment which had evidently suggested itself to a loving father. When he saw the lightkeeper's boat put off from the shore.

"Poor child! poor child!" ejaculated Mrs. Butler, sympathetically, "she looks like a little angel just dropped down out of heaven."

This was true enough, for the pretty stranger was very fair, with large, deep-blue eyes, and a wealth of silken hair that fell about her shoulders like a golden mist. She was round and plump, yet delicately and daintily built, with small feet, and hands whose long, slender fingers seemed made and moulded from purest white.

She had not made a sound since entering the house, but she watched Percy's every movement, while every now and then she cast shy, half-fearful glances at the homely but honest faced woman who was regarding her so curiously.

"How did ye manage to save her and nobody else?" Mrs. Butler asked, as she folded the shawl and blanket, and then proceeded to examine the satin-lined coat that belonged to the young stranger.

Percy related the circumstances of her rescue, while he chafed the little one's hands and feet which were cold and numb from the exposure and hardship she had endured.

"Poor little lass!" said Captain Morton, drawing near, and bending tenderly over her for a better view of her fair face. "Bless my heart!" he added, as she lifted her wondering blue eyes to him, "but she's a winsome fairy, though she looks nigh about perished, with no color any more than a snowdrift. Bring her something hot, Mrs. Butler—a bowl of warm bread and milk; I'll warrant the child's half famished. Then we can bring some of the good wife's blankets, heat them hot, and wrap her up in them."

He stooped and made a move as if to gather the little stranger into his arms, but she made a repelling gesture, a frightened look leaping to her eyes, and clung to Percy with an appealing glance that set the boy's pulses thrilling with a feeling of responsibility and protection that was as delightful as it was new to him.

She was indeed a "winsome little fairy." Small, even for her age, which could not have exceeded three years, yet perfectly formed, with delicately molded features of great beauty. Her brows were slightly arched, and a little darker than her hair; her lashes very long and silken; her mouth small and very sweet in expression; her nose straight and perfect, as if shaped by the hand of a sculptor.

Everything about her proclaimed the petted little aristocrat, while every article of clothing told that she had been reared in luxury and affluence.

Mrs. Butler had hastened to do her master's bidding, bringing the blankets before preparing any nourishment. She warmed them before the fire and then would have wrapped them about the child; but she would allow no one to touch her but Percy, who took them and folded them about her as tenderly and deftly as if he had been accustomed to perform such offices all his life.

When the bowl of bread and milk was brought, the little lady turned impatiently away from it, while a disconsolate sob burst from her pale lips.

"Poor, poor lass! her heart aches for them that's gone," said the tender-hearted lightkeeper, with a sigh and a starting tear, "but you'd better make her eat it, Percy, if you can; she needs it."

Percy took the bowl and knelt beside the lounge.

"Dear little girl," he whispered, "I know that you are cold and hungry, and this will make you feel ever so much better; play that I'm your big brother, and let me feed you."

He smiled so kindly, and there was such an earnest, tender look in his face, that a little gleam of pleasure shot into the child's blue eyes and she immediately signified her compliance with his request by a nod, and replied, sweetly:

"Ess, I will."

She ate hungrily, taking all that Percy offered and even lifting her head from the pillow to drink eagerly the milk that remained in the bowl, after the bread was all gone.

"More," she said, putting away the empty bowl, and more was given to her, which she devoured with no abatement of appetite, after which she allowed herself to be snugly tucked in among the blankets and was soon fast asleep.

All through that dull November forenoon she slumbered quietly, peacefully, a rosy glow gradually leaving the place of the pallor of the morning, and showing how perfect her physical condition was.

When she at last awoke, just as the light-house keeper and his family were sitting down to their dinner, she seemed bright and perfectly recovered from the effects of her exposure and terror.

"Nannie! Nannie!" she called, in a sweet childish voice, that thrilled every heart in the room.

Percy ran to her at once.

"What do you want, little girl?" he asked, sitting down beside her.

"Nannie," repeated the child, her under lip quivering in a grieved way, as she glanced around the humble room, and saw only strange faces.

"Nannie is not here," Percy said, gently.

"Tell me what you want."

"Pet wants to be d'ressed," lisped the little one, in a babyish way.

Percy looked puzzled; he had no idea what they were to do for clothing for her.

"What shall we do, grandfather?" he asked, turning to the old gentleman.

Sandy Morton thought a moment; then he said:

"I'll row Mrs. Butler over to town this afternoon, and she can buy the poor little lass what she needs; she's got to have clothing of some kind, that's certain."

"Tell Nannie come now," the child here interposed imperiously, showing that she was in the habit of issuing commands and having them obeyed.

"Nannie can't come," Percy explained; "she isn't here, and your clothes are all wet, so you'll have to lie still until we can get some dry ones."

She gave him a wondering look, but offered no objection to the alternative.

She lay thinking for a moment or two, then putting one small hand to her neck, she said:

"Beads hurt, take 'em off."

Then she drew forth from beneath her night robe something that shot a dazzling light into Percy's astonished eyes.

He started to his feet.

"Grandfather, look!" he cried, in an eager voice.

Sandy Morton turned at his bidding, and he, too, was transfixed by what he saw; for in those tiny white hands there gleamed a necklace of almost priceless diamonds, set in curiously carved links of gold.

"Land o' Goshen!" exclaimed the man, his face actually growing pale; "them must be d'monds! and they're worth a fortune, too. But they must belong to some woman. How ever did they get on her neck?"

"Papa put beads on Pet," she explained, toying with the trinket, while it flashed thousand lights all about the room. "Pretty," she continued, laughing out delightedly at the brilliant hues that danced on every facet.

"Yes, it is pretty. Whose is it?" Percy asked, awed by the magnificence and beauty of the treasure.

"Mamma's. Pet got belt, too, with little pockets all 'round."

The child pulled open her night-robe, and revealed a strong belt fastened securely about her body outside the warm flannel undervest that she wore.

Small pockets, about four inches square, were attached to this all the way around it, and filled with some hard substance.

"Goodness! there's a pile of money in that thing," Capt. Morton gravely observed. "The lassie's father must have been a rich man, and probably when he found there was little likelihood of his being saved he was bound to do the best he could for his child."

The captain was thankful that neither Jim nor his mother was in the room at the time of this discovery.

The former had hurried through his dinner and gone out to care for his dumb charges, of which he was very fond, while Mrs. Butler was bustling around in the back room, getting ready to go to town to make purchases for the little stranger thrown so suddenly upon her care.

"Shut the door, Percy," said his grandfather, glancing out at the busy woman.

Percy obeyed, and when he returned to his post beside the lounge, he found that his grandfather had succeeded in unfastening both necklace and belt from the child's body, and was examining them critically.

"I reckon I'd better take care of these things," he said, thoughtfully; "and, my lad, you and I will keep still about what we've found. 'Twon't do to let it be known that we've got anything so valuable here. I'll lock the things away for awhile; then, one of these days, we'll look them over again by ourselves, and decide what'll be best to do with them."

"All right, grandfather. I won't say a word to anybody about them," Percy quietly returned, and the keeper felt sure that the secret would be perfectly safe in his keeping.

(To be Continued.)

"BLESS MY HEART, BUT SHE'S A WINSOME FAIRY, THOUGH SHE LOOKS NIGH ABOUT PERISHED!"

Why Emily Howled.

An aged widower got married recently for the fourth time, notwithstanding that he had a house full of grown-up children. While the marriage was being performed, no audible weeping could be heard in the back room.

One of the guests, who had heard the sobs, asked one of the children who it was.

"That's Emily," was the reply. "She always howls when papa gets married again."

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Never before could the public procure in this country a bottle of fine old Port wine in proper condition and free from sediment, until Messrs. Fourneirand introduced their

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Sold by first-class Grocers and Wine Merchants.

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"Don" in Paris.

LEASANT traveling companions will make even a tedious journey endurable. There was a bleached blonde in the railway carriage with us from London to Dover. Her sister was with her and they were placed in my charge by her husband at Charing Cross Station, and I considered myself in great luck as the ladies were exceedingly pretty and vivacious, but I murmured an inward prayer that the channel would not be rough as I am of altogether too sympathetic a disposition to act as nurse for anyone who is sea sick. The weather gods were kind, the water was smooth and the skies fair. After I got the ladies comfortably seated I disported myself elsewhere for fear, calm as the weather was, one of them would get sick. About an hour afterwards the lady with the bleached hair hunted me up and said there was a Frenchman trying to get acquainted with her and she would be very much obliged if I would come and drive him off. I didn't know how big he was and undertook the job with concealed reluctance. I found a great big fat fellow with a pointed beard and a fiercely upturned moustache had ensconced himself in one of the chairs and was jabbering French to the other young lady whose angry eyes were closed in feigned sleep. As we approached he arose and made us a profound bow. I inquired if he intended to leave those ladies alone or if it would be necessary for me to throw him overboard. Another profound bow and some remarks in French which I did not gather. I got a little closer and inquired again with additional ferocity if I would have to punch his head. He muttered "No un'stan' Anglaise. Merci, Mam'selles." This last remark they informed me meant, "Thank you, young ladies." I followed him to the gangway, and he cautiously walked down backwards. I think he expected to be kicked, and I have questioned myself several times since whether I did my full duty in omitting that performance. If the lady hadn't had bleached hair, I believe I would have given him a little shake, but I have a wholesome fear of raising a row in a foreign jurisdiction, not to mention a constitutional objection to making a European tour with one or both of my eyes in mourning.

I describe this little incident as an illustration of the conduct of the average Frenchman when he is out having a "little fun." They seem to think all women are fair game, and show an amount of nerve introducing themselves, which would be right sure to get a man into trouble on this side of the Atlantic. We landed at Ostend, a place which struck my fancy considerably. Its beautiful beach, the large hotels, and the aspect of the town, indicates that it is wholly given up to pleasure. From there to Brussels our only traveling companion was a gentleman who spoke no English. His desire to be agreeable and communicative, however, was not dampened by the lack of a common language, and by signs and awfully funny gesticulations he made us understand considerable about the low-lying country, with its tall, slender trees all bending one way, and thus indicating the prevailing direction of the wind. This he explained to us by holding up his finger, blowing on it, and moving it over to the angle of the trees. This encouraged me to describe a tornado to him, one of those wild, western cyclones of which the Belgian mind has no conception. I think I succeeded in conveying the impression that I was insane, and he crept into one corner of the carriage and kept quiet for a few minutes.

Belgian landscape is utterly featureless, and there is no interest except that which is given it by the strongly built men and women who, with their white blouses and wooden shoes, toil in the field from early morning to the more or less dewy eve. The houses are low, square, thatched affairs, and until the novelty wears off are rather picturesque in their quiet cleanliness, surrounded as they always are by trim little gardens and brightened by brilliant-hued flowers. The canals and the boats drawn by chunky little horses, and the turn-pike with the old, old-fashioned wagons creaking along, are the only other novelties which attract the eye.

Our Belgian friend braced up as we were nearing the capital, and drew our attention to a canopy and carpet on the platform of a little station. Gold-laced flunkeys and officers surrounded a plainly-dressed gentleman who our self-appointed interpreter, by pulling a coin out of his pocket and pointing frantically at the head and name thereon, led us to understand was the king. I told our excited friend not to bother—we hadn't time to be introduced. Brussels is a beautiful little city, well described as a miniature Paris, and, accompanied by a guide, a delightful day may be spent which no one having a little time on the Continent should omit. The guide was a very amusing fellow, and he knew so much history which I had never heard about, and conveyed it in such execrable English, that I confess I left the place with rather confused ideas. He took us to the Hotel de Ville, and a magnificent town hall the old palace makes. I saw the pictures of all the old burgomasters, the magnificently furnished apartments of the councillors, and best of all the Gobelin tapestries for which Brussels is famous. These wonderful tapestries in the richness of their colors and faithfulness of detail, are like immense oil paintings. The guide described all the pictures. "Zat pachaire zaire ez Carlos ze Grat, he governmog zis condry soma time." A little later on we heard, "Felipe, sair, he governmog our condry," and then of Marie Theresa: "She ver fan queen. She governmog our condry for soma time."

They are stately figures, those old kings and queens, their costumes gay with color and plumes, and rich with chains and ornaments. A lady guide took us to the ball-room described by Byron in The Battle of Waterloo,

"There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her beauty and her chivalry; and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men.
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage-bell."

The long and lofty room rich in carving and brilliant tapestries, must have been a scene to inspire poets and lovers on that night of revelry. The room itself is a revelation to the prosaic people of the western world.

The Parliament buildings in white marble exhibit to the foreigner the not extinct European belief that those who rule deserve the best that money can procure. The Chamber of Deputies and the Senate rooms are much superior in design and vastly more expensive in their decorations than our Parliament buildings at Ottawa, while the paintings and tapestries are almost priceless. Interspersed between the descriptions of the people who "governmog zis condry," the guide gave me considerable insight into Belgian politics. An election was pending, and a question very similar to our separate school problem was agitating the country. The clerical party was in the ascendancy, and from all that I could gather, things were being run in very much the same way as Mercier is managing the affairs of Quebec.

In the lace factories of Brussels I saw a sight not to be forgotten, scores of women, young and old, bending over the pillows, and tossing the little bobbins about with wonderful adroitness, or working the fine parts of point lace with a needle. The manager told me that a really good lace maker could make twenty cents a day, though some of the best had been known to earn as high as thirty. They are a patient-looking lot, buxom, and apparently well fed. I must say I wonder how they manage it on twenty cents a day.

It makes my back ache and my tongue parched to think of that ride to Paris. Six hours of misery, locked up in a train utterly lacking conveniences of any sort. At the frontier your valise has to be gone through, and you are locked into the building until everybody's baggage has been searched. I did not understand the rules, but submitted to the guard who led me in. After I had displayed my trousseau to the bandy-legged gendarme, I tried to get out of the door. It was locked. I went into the refreshment room, tried that door. It was locked. I tried six other doors all of which were locked. During this pilgrimage I had asked about fifteen or twenty people if they could kindly tell me where I could get out, but nobody spoke English. I was getting excited and was wildly hunting for more doors. With my valise and hat box in one hand, umbrella and overcoat in the other, I hustled up and down the station till perspiration was running out of every pore. An official of some kind took hold of my arm, said: "Olla right, bam bye," and pointed to a place where I could sit down. I told him I was not hunting for a chair, I wanted to get out. "I want to go to Paris," I explained. "Olla right, bam-bye." I told him I wanted to go to-day, now. "Olla right, bam-bye." That seemed all the English he knew. I suppose he had heard someone sing "Sweet Bam-bye." Just then a door swung open and I emerged at a considerable distance from the door at which I entered. I had about as much an idea of what train or what compartment of the train I belonged to as I had of the language which everybody spoke when I asked them a question. My collar was melted down to a wet rag, and was clinging to my alabaster neck like a poultice, when I conceived the idea of producing my ticket and getting someone to show me my train. I can tell you I felt pretty near happy when in the sweet bam-bye I rested on that beautiful shore and got on the train.

As you approach Paris the dead level of the Belgian landscape begins to be relieved by a few hills and occasional swamps, but the taste of the Frenchman is everywhere shown; the most is made of everything. The peasant girls are smarter in their costumes and the men livelier in their motions, lacking the heavy cart-horse tread of the low-country man. Still nearer to Paris the landscape is much the same as our own. As you enter the great city its cosmopolitan beauty no doubt impresses every nationality alike. It is a city of palaces.

We stayed at the Grand Hotel right by the National Opera House, and a grand hotel it is with a price list enough to knock a man cold. If you do not eat at the table d'hote which is reasonable enough, it will cost you a fortune to get a breakfast. Dinner was over when I got there and I ordered it *a la carte*. I was not familiar with the figures on the programme and endeavored to confine my order to the frugal viands to which I am accustomed at home. The meal only cost $4.80, but it was very nice, what there was of it. I can't say I felt hungry for any more after I got the bill.

It is usually the best hotel in Europe. It was full excepting the last room, and by paying $2.40 a day I was permitted to have it. My friend got the other "last room." It cost $4 a day. They are a little bit larger than a sleeping car berth, and I think the furniture was made when Charlemagne "governmog zis condry," for the little bow-legged tables and the cup and saucer which were supposed to represent a water pitcher and wash basin were of a style I had never noticed in our crockery stores. I felt like putting that jug and basin in my vest pocket when I came away, they would have just suited for my little girl's playhouse.

The bed had a canopy over it. I presume it is the proper caper, but I prefer to take mine in the old-fashioned way, with none of the bed-clothes suspended in mid-air. I have a vulgar objection every time I turn over in bed to having a shower of dust rain down from the curtains above, and one who knows the taste and smell of dust which has been flavored with the perspiration of a generation of pilgrims can understand how pleasant it was to be powdered and suffocated by that faded canopy. Then imagine anyone washing in a tea saucer, with about as much water as could be held in a cream jug, and you get an idea of the comforts of the Grand Hotel, fifth flat, $2.40 room, board excluded, 20 cents for candles and 10 cents for soap, and 40 cents for servants, whether you use them or not.

The lift, too, was a daisy. It was simply an uncovered platform, and the hallways are protected from the yawning chasm by a little iron railing, over which you can gaze at the creaking platform as it labors slowly up. You are not permitted to annoy the conductor of the elevator by ringing a bell. If you are up and want to come down, you can wait for the lift to come when it gets ready or take the stairs. If you are down and want to come up, you can climb or wait, which makes it very pleasant for the porter and mighty unpleasant for the guest.

It is downstairs where the Grand Hotel, Paris, shines most effulgently. The plaza or quadrangle which is surrounded by the hotel was glorious with the beauty of some of the fairest women of Europe and America. This is fence-poster language, but the show deserves it. In front of the reception rooms and sitting rooms of the hotel, seats cover the platform, while the hundred tables in front of the cafe are surrounded by men and women sipping wine and the nerve-destroying black coffee which seems to be so much in vogue.

People have told us since that we made a mistake stopping at the Grand Hotel and that there are many others much more comfortable and less expensive, but if one want to get an idea of Paris it can be had much better by the transient visitor at such a hotel than in a much quieter place. It comes high, but a little of it goes a long way.

In the evening we went to some of the concert gardens in charge of a guide. The old Jardin Mabille is gone, and the chief place among the score of such attractions is taken by the Jardin de Paris. When I came away I somehow felt ashamed that I had been there, though I met a large number of Americans accompanied by ladies and but few people who have visited Paris, if they tell the truth, will deny that they "have taken a peep at such places." Three clergymen have told me that they were there, and though the can-can may not be as bad as it is generally supposed it is bad enough. Though like the clergymen I may excuse myself for having gone, on the ground of wanting to be able to advise other people to stay away, I feel that one is led to such exhibitions more by prurient curiosity than by a desire for knowledge or an anxiety to be able to warn others of danger.

On Sunday—I hope this confession won't injure my church standing—I accompanied a party to Longchamps to see the Grand Prix, otherwise known as the Grand Prize of Paris, or the French Derby. It was impossible for me to resist the temptation to see a French crowd. If any friend of mine had but two weeks to spend in England and France, I would advise him to spend the first one at the Derby and the last one at its French counterpart. At the former you can see the English people in their holiday attire acting as is their holiday habit, and at Longchamps the same opportunity is found of judging France by seeing a characteristic crowd. There are none of the grotesque performances at the Grand Prix which make the Derby-goers look like a Calithumpian procession. The Frenchman when he goes out for a holiday wants to look as handsome as possible, and the Frenchwoman is arrayed in her finest raiment. Hard drinking and heavy eating have no important place on the French holiday; the good-natured singing and shouting of the half-tipsy Derby-goers are not heard along the Bois de Bologne.

Longchamps is only five or six miles from Paris. It can be reached by boat on the Seine, by rail or by carriage, or if one is inclined to pedestrianism, afoot. We chose the train and it cost us threepence first-class. The little piece of country one sees along the line after leaving the city is charming. The white, feathery blossoms of the acacias and the trailing festoons of the wild convolvolus garb the walls and fences and garland the trees with beauty. The walk from the train to the race-course is through the park and it was such an amusing spectacle to watch the emotional French people that we decided that our return trip should be made along the Bois de Bologne. No one day of my two months' trip will be remembered with as much pleasure as that Parisian holiday. The stranger who judges France by the conduct of its people on that day, would believe it to have the most orderly, best dressed and happiest people on the face of the globe. No liquor was for sale in that vast park, stronger than wine, and in the crowd, which seemed to be as great as that at the Derby, numbering, I should imagine, nearly a million, there was not a solitary instance of drunkenness, and the gendarmes had absolutely nothing to do but guard the track and keep careless spectators from interfering with the race.

It is impossible to describe the crowded fields, the myriads of holiday-makers that formed the outside ring; much less am I able to portray the magnificence, beauty and millinery of the privileged few who occupied the grand stand. Longchamps on Grand Prix day would need the entire space of SATURDAY NIGHT were anything like a detailed account of its incidents and attractions to be given. It costs twenty francs, equal to four dollars, to pass the portals and mingle with the select society of France and the upper circles of English sports, who are the aristocracy of the paddock. Every rider was an Englishman, every trainer was an Englishman. France, apparently, does not produce cool enough heads to be entrusted with the charge of a horse on Grand Prix day.

President Carnot made his first appearance as patron of the French turf, and though his arrival created but little enthusiasm, after the French horse had won, his people warmed up and gave him an ovation as he returned to the city. Mme. Carnot, who was attired in a half mourning costume, is a graceful and dignified lady and looked thoroughly worthy of the high place she occupies. The Presidential carriage, embellished with the initials "R. F.," was drawn by a pair of splendid greys whose bridles were adorned with red, white and blue ribbons; it surprised me more than a little to know that the occupant was the President when there was not a cheer and scarcely a hat raised to welcome him. Some idea of the crowd can be gathered from the fact that the public are admitted free to one side of the race track, while on the other side there is a graded admission running from one franc to twenty; and the gate money, if I remember right, amounted to $17,000. The grand stand is a much more comfortable place from which to see the race than the one at the Derby, and except where a clump of trees in the distance conceals the track, one can follow the race from beginning to finish. A stand is set apart for the use of the President, and in the large and richly decorated apartment the Cabinet Ministers, headed by M. Floquet, were pointed out together with a host of diplomatists. The toilets of some of the ladies were revelations of beauty; I cannot describe millinery or I would try and portray some of the grace and beauty of the dresses. The chief charm, however, I suppose is the way the ladies wear their adornment—I call it adornment, for their entire idea seems to be to wear something beautiful in itself without reference to comfort or utility.

I saw Crowberry come in second at the Derby, and he was a much better second then than he was in the race for the Grand Prix, where Stuart seemed to beat him easily. Oh, my worthy seigniors, what a shout was there! The Frenchman seemed to tear himself loose when the horse of the republic beat his British competitor. They must have mistaken me for a Frenchman, for half-a-dozen men hugged me and then hugged one another, then hugged me again, jabbering wildly all the while, yelling "Vive Stuart" and "La belle France" and "Vive Carnot," and all sorts of things. With a wild rush they swept out of the grand stand, and the earth fairly trembled while this excited people crowded to see the winner, congratulate the owner and one another, and shout and dance like a lot of school boys just let out to play. Grey-headed men tossed their plug hats into the air, never to see them again. Grand Prix day is certainly the day to see France.

The walk back was wearisome because of the immense crowd, but the equipages and surging thousands were worth seeing. No rags, no dirt, apparently no poverty—so very unlike the Derby. And yet with British pig-headedness I like the people who spend their holiday at Epsom Downs better than those who on their outing devote themselves to looking their prettiest and making mashes on the Bois de Bologne.

Next day the guide showed us Paris. I told him to take us to the lowest street, where we could see the poverty of Paris. He was a Greek, and I presume had no reason for concealment, but he replied, "Monsieur, there are no poor in Paris—there are no rags and no misery to be seen." He took us to some old streets not much wider than an ordinary doorway. Everything was clean. The workingmen with their blouses, the women with their kerchiefs, were tidy and decent. The doorways through which I peered seemed to open into little rooms as carefully kept as those of the cleanliest homes in Toronto.

We went to the Morgue, where bodies were displayed in a big glass case, and an unending crowd passed to and fro, inspired, I suppose, by curiosity or their fear that some of their friends were there. It was an awful spectacle, for the unfortunates were dressed in the clothing in which they were found. One poor old fellow, with his face all covered with bruises, reclined in an easy position, with a battered silk hat on the back of his head, looking for all the world as if he were drunk rather than dead. Then came the churches, the Louvre, the Chamber of Deputies, the Exhibition, where the highest tower in the world is being raised, the Arc de Triomphe, the barracks and a hundred other places as the auctioneer's bills say, "too numerous to mention." If I had the time and money I think I would choose Paris as a place to spend them.

The ride back to London was not altogether a pleasant one; there were too many jockeys and sports returning from the races, but the trip from Dieppe to Newhaven was across water as smooth as Toronto bay.

DON.

He Proposed to Take No Chances.

"Would you like to have an engagement?" asked a theatrical manager of a musician.

"No. I don't seem to care about it," was the cautious reply.

"Lots of money in it for you."

"How much'll you promise?"

"A hundred dollars a week and expenses. Better try it."

"No, I guess not. You see I've got a sure thing on twenty-seven dollars a month playing the organ in a church here."

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Personal.

Mr. T. C. Patteson is expected home to-day from Europe.

Mr. P. Johnston is spending a few weeks at Muskoka.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Hatch and family of Gerrard street have gone to the seaside.

Mrs. Garvie, Miss Garvie, and Miss Rae Garvie arrived home yesterday from Muskoka.

Mr. Herbert D. Hulme leaves for Belleville to-day for a two weeks' holiday.

Mr. Grenville P. Kleiser has gone to Lake Simcoe to spend his vacation.

Captain Percy Beale, late of H. M. 10th Regt., will spend some weeks at Niagara and Queenston.

Messrs. S. R. Clarke and J. Goodall are spending the holidays at Coney Island and New York.

Mr. Godfrey Patteson returned yesterday from a week's stay at Eastwood, near Woodstock.

Miss Wilson and Miss Nellie Wilson left on Tuesday last for an extended visit to relatives in Detroit.

Dr. Howe returned this week from a few days' fishing at Jackson's Point on Lake Simcoe.

Miss Kate Fuller will remain with Mrs. Henry Fuller for another fortnight on the Island.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Baldwin Hands are among the arrivals registered last week at the Thousand Island House, Alexandria Bay.

Mrs. Malcolm Gibbs, Miss Gibbs and Miss Birdie Gibbs left the city yesterday to spend the balance of the summer in New Jersey.

Miss Maud Sankey, formerly of this city, but now of Boissevain, Man., has returned for a short visit, and is a guest of Mrs. Villiers Sankey at the Island.

Mrs. Argles of 271 Sherbourne street will spend a few weeks at Niagara-on-the-Lake, accompanied by her two sons, Mr. Ernest Argles and Master Guy Argles.

The Association team of football players left this week for a tour on the other side of the Atlantic, and will be away for three or four months.

Mrs. Ford of Burford leaves shortly for an extended visit to her sister, the wife of M. Henri De Grelle Rosier, attache of the Belgian embassy in London.

Mr. J. A. Barron, M. P. for North Victoria, spent last Sunday in town. Mr. Barron is an old Upper Canada boy and is a well known figure on every cricket field in Ontario.

Miss Barnhardt and Miss Louise Barnhardt of Richmond street west left Thursday morning to join Mrs. Isaac Cockburn and party, *en route* to Muskoka Lakes, returning home in September.

Amongst the passengers on board the Allan liner Sarmatian this week were: The Bishop of Algoma, Hon. A. Stanley, Hon. G. Stanley and Hon. F. Stanley. The three latter hopefuls are the offspring of Lord and Lady Stanley.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred E. Denison left on Friday for Owen Sound, and sailed the same night for the Mackinac district. On their return they will leave for Montreal, returning by way of the Ottawa valley.

A pleasant yachting party will leave here about September 1st, on board the Rivet. The party will consist of Mr. Hume Blake, Mr. Douglas Armour, Mr. Roly Moffat, Mr. D. J. McMurchy and Mr. W. H. Blake. Charlotte will be the first port of call, then Oswego and other places. The trip will last about ten days or a fortnight.

A concert was to be held last night at the Island in aid of the funds of the Island church, which, at the hour of our going to press, bade fair to be a most successful one. The excellent programme prepared includes the names of the following well-known singers and musicians: Mrs. Agnes Corlett-Thomson, Mrs. Edgar Jarvis, Mr. Clarke and other popular amateurs.

Amongst the passengers who sail for home this week on board the Parisian are Sir Alexander Campbell and Hon. Mr. Mowat, Dr. Fream, Professor of the London College of Agriculture; Mr. Henry Moore, editor of *Bell's Weekly Messenger* and agricultural-correspondent of the *Times*; also Mr. Macdonald, the special correspondent of the *Mark Lane Express*.

Amongst those who left by the C. P. R. boat on Friday were: Mr., Mrs. and Miss Roberts, Mr. J. Goldness, Mr. A. M. Smith and party, Judge Lane and family, Miss Christie, Mr. R. Meeker, Mayor Morrison and Mrs. Morrison of Owen Sound, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Rapley of Owen Sound, Mrs. McKenzie, Miss McKenzie, Miss Donoughue, Miss Rush, Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Tyre of Kincardine.

The following party was booked by M. D. Murdoch & Co., per United Empire, Beatty's Sarnia line of steamers: Mrs. Blackstock, Miss Hawley, Miss Lizzie Hawley and two children, Mr. Watkin, Mr. Wheaton, Mrs. Hughson, Mrs. Pears and daughter, Mr. Geo. Dean, Mrs. M. L. Hutchins, Mr. John M. Rose and wife; also the following for steamer Persia, Montreal and return: Mr. Wood, Mr. McFarlane, Miss McAnoghn, Miss Anderson, Miss A. Anderson, Mr. Geo. A. Wright, Mr. Geo. A. Price, Mr. S. A. Temple, Mr. and Mrs. Keith, Mr. Stilt, Mr. J. Cain, Mr. and Mrs. Sugerman, Mr. Henry Patterson, Mr. and Mrs. Hunt, Miss Hunt, Mr. G. W. Golnlock, Miss Powell.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Armstrong, Mr. and Mrs. Victor Armstrong, Mr. and Mrs. Croll, Miss Ruby Croll, Mrs. Shelton Fuller, Miss Katie Fuller, Master Bob Fuller, Mrs. Hy. Fuller, the Misses Spratt, Mr. W. Spratt, Mr. and Mrs. Heming, Mr. and Mrs. Walker, Mr. Neville, Mrs. Fleury, the Misses Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Morrison, Miss Monaghan, Miss Tulla, Miss Osler, Mr. Tossach, Mr. Roly Moffatt, Mr. Ken. Moffatt, Mr. and Mrs. Wade, and Mr. Wade, Jr., Miss Wade, Mrs. T. Young, Mr. Loane, Mr. Ernest McRae, Mr. Hy. Barnes, Mr. Godfrey. Dr. McKay, Mr. and Mrs. James Murray, Miss Kate Murray, Mr. and Mrs. John Murray, are the names of those who assembled within the walls of Monreith, the Island, on Saturday night, at the farewell dance given in honor of Mrs. Shelton Fuller, prior to her departure for Woodstock on Tuesday last. The evening was a most pleasant one, and the parting hour came all too soon for those who enjoyed the last dance at Monreith.

Port Sandfield, Muskoka, presented a very brilliant appearance on Saturday last on the occasion of the first regatta held there this season. The guests at the Prospect House and the islanders took part in it. Following is a list of the winners:—No. 1. Double scull, eight entries, W. Ord and A. Cayley, first; J. Mont. Lowndes and Fred H. Gray, second. No. 2. Double scull (ladies), four entries, Miss E. Morison and Miss Louie Wood, first; Miss Roach and Miss A. Gillard, second. No. 3. Double canoe, six entries, Fred H. Gray and J. Mont. Lowndes, first; C. B. Lowndes and E. Cox, second. No. 4. Single scull (ladies), five entries, Mrs. Arthur Hill, first; Miss Roach, second. No. 5. Single scull (open), gold medal presented by Mrs. Nuthall, J. Mont. Lowndes, first; E. Simpson, second. No. 6. Tub race, A. Cayley, first; A. Martin, second. The water around Port Sandfield was dotted with small boats, while many of the guests of Prospect House occupied seats on the grand stand. The ladies looked particularly well in their boating costumes. Among those present were Mrs. Roach of Hamilton, Mrs. Jack Leslie of Toronto, Mrs. Gillard, the Misses Gillard and McMartin of Hamilton, Mrs. R. W. Simpson of Montreal, Mrs. Braide, the Misses Thompson, Miss Dick, Miss Nellie Macdonald, Mr. Walter Read and Miss Read, Mr. Cayley and Miss Cayley, Mrs. Morrison, Mrs. Tackaberry and Miss Hutchinson of Toronto, Mrs. Nuthall, the Misses Larned and Mrs. Eaton of St. Louis, Mo. Captain Wise of Ottawa and Miss Boulton came down from Governor's Island for the occasion. The regatta ended with a hop in the evening, at which a number of the islanders were present, among many others, Mr. Burton, the Misses Larratt-Smith and Mr. J. W.-Crothers of Toronto. The judges at the regatta were Mr. Walter Read and Mr. Tackaberry. Referees—Mr. W. H. Gillard and Mr. D. Macdonald. Starter—Mr. R. W. Simpson.

BANK NOTES.

Mr. Patterson of the Merchants,' Walkerton, was in town for a couple of days during the week.

Mr. J. H. Horsey has been promoted to the management of the Spadina avenue branch of the Dominion Bank.

The vacancy in the head office caused by the promotion of Mr. Horsey has been filled by Mr. E. Thornton.

Mr. E. H. Barnes has been promoted from the Spadina avenue branch to the management of the Dominion Bank at Napanee.

Mr. C. A. Bogert has forsaken the cares and duties of banking work for a fortnight's run up to the Mackinac country.

Mr. Ferguson, assistant manager of the London branch of the Merchants' Bank, is gradually recovering from a severe attack of hemorrhage.

Mr. E. Begg has been spending his holidays in Strathroy, and Muskoka has rejoiced in the presence of Messrs. P. Mare and M. E. Holden all of the Dominion Bank.

Mr. Wm. Cooke of the Merchants' left town on Wednesday for a three weeks' holiday. During his absence Mr. C. F. Hebden will supervise the management of the office.

The holiday season has no further charms for Mr. Philip Dykes who has completely exhausted his stock and shares in the same, and has settled down once more to hard work, and occasional visions of holidays in the dim and misty future.

Mr. J. B. Kilgour, the accountant at the London branch of the Merchants', was in town during the week for the purpose of taking part in the wedding of Mr. Ruttan of Napanee, and Miss Morphy of this city. Especially well-posted dickey-birds say that Mr. Kilgour will be again in the city very shortly, and on a still more important errand.

SATURDAY NIGHT has to acknowledge the courtesy of an esteemed correspondent in Goderich who writes as follows: "I see by your last issue that, amonsst others, I have lost an old friend, and I thank you for your kindly notice of Mr. William Thompson of Renfrew. Poor old 'Irish,' staunch and true. We were juniors together in the old days, in our respective institutions, and well do I remember the day he came into our office to tell us he was ordered off, and to say good-bye. Later we struck each other again in a western town, boarded in the same house—and the fun his 'Irish' was. I have lived so long from Toronto that of late years I had lost track of him, and felt exceedingly sorry on reading your notice of his death. Ah, well—'R. I. P.' Yours, READER."

Mr. Percy G. Heming of the Merchants' was the victim of a most unfortunate accident the other evening. Whilst occupying the outer seat of an open car on the night of the Clarke Wallace reception some disturbance was in progress in the Brewery hollow opposite Trinity College, and a stone thrown by one of the combatants missed the party aimed at and came smashing into the street car, striking Mr. Heming in the eye. For a time it seemed as if the eye would be lost, but under the care of a prominent oculist in the city Mr. Heming is progressing favorably. However, it will be two or three weeks before he will be sufficiently recovered to resume his duties in the bank. In the meantime Mr. Heming is with his mother in Hamilton, but it is doubtful as to whether he will recover the full use of his injured eye.

Our Theaters.

Mr. O. B. Sheppard of the Grand, and Mr. Shaw of the Toronto, opera houses are busily engaged in preparations for another season's work. The painter, the paper-hanger, and a small army of workmen have been busy in both houses, and the result of their handiwork will doubtless be a pleasant surprise to their respective patrons on the opening nights.

The Toronto opens the ball on Monday next with the comedy-drama, Under the Lash. Amongst other attractions offered by Manager Shaw during the season, will be:—One of the Finest, Kimball Merry Makers, My Partner with Louis Aldrich, Charles T. Ellis in Casper, Kemball Opera Company, Romany Rye, Hoodman Blind, the Two Johns Comedy Company, Corinne, Bunch of Keys, Lights o' London, Wages of Sin, Kinder Garten, The White Slave, Couldock in Hazel Kirke, Mrs. Rankin in The Golden Giant, We, Us & Co., Over the Garden Wall, J. B. Polk in Mixed Pickles, Stricken Blind, My Aunt Bridget, Jos. Dowling and Sadie Hassan in Nobody's Claim, W. Hardie and Sara Von Leer, Tony Pastor and Passion's Slave Company.

Mr. Sheppard opens his doors on the night of Wednesday, August 29, when Sol Smith Russell and his party will doubtless draw a bumper house.

The musical people come and go on holidays intent. Miss Mellish, Mus. Bac., returned from the wilds of Muskoka on Friday last and went to her home at Caledonia on Wednesday. Miss Maggie Perry of Whitby has come to town to join the staff of the Toronto College of Music. She will be a decided acquisition to musical circles here, being an excellent pianiste. Mr. Torrington has been spending part of his summer at Peak's Island, Maine, and is now on a trip to Boston and New York, to pick up orchestral novelties and Collegiate wrinkles. Mr. Edward Fisher is in England and the continent, or I should say—"or the continent," and is expected back on the 25th. Mr. Doward is summering at Kingston, getting ready some fish stories against his return. He says black bass are not at all coy among the Thousand Islands. Mr. G. H. Fairclough and his chum have stripped the streams about Burk's Falls of all their fish, and now have great stories of fish, musquitos and burnt noses. Mr. T. C. Jeffers has been doing Grimsby Camp with great success.

Mr. J. H. Dennison, whom many will remember as a tenor at concerts here some five years ago, has returned to Toronto, much improved in style and method, and will henceforth reside here.

Sig. Emilio Agramonte has been doing good work here during the dog-days. Among his pupils are Mrs. J. F. Thomson, Miss Robinson, Miss Annie Langstaff, Miss Annie Howden, Mr. J. F. Thomson, Mr. J. F. Kirk, Mr. E. W. Schuch.

I see by the New York musical papers that Gilbert and Sullivan's new opera will be produced at the Casino on November 12, the first performance being simultaneous with two others at London and Chicago. It is in two acts and the scene is laid in Norway and Sweden, in the time of Gustavus Vasa, when the Darlecarlians and the miners of Falun revolted. The most northern city in Europe, Hammerfest, is shown in the first act, with the Darlecarlian Alps in the background. The stage will be filled with peasants, miners, soldiers and students, the second act representing the Aula of the great university at Upsala. As Sullivan studied at Leipsic with August Sederman and Niels Gade, he may fairly be supposed to possess some sympathy with the Scandinavian music, a field which his peculiar adaptability has hitherto left untouched, but from which he is said to have drawn large inspirations for the present work.

As Theodore Thomas has had a quarrel with the Steinways, he finds himself at the opening of the season without a hall to give his concerts in and his orchestra is threatened with disbandment. This will be but little short of a national calamity from a musical standpoint, as no agency has been so effective in America in the cause of good music as this orchestra. It is admitted on all sides to be unexcelled by any in the world, that is to say of the same numerical strength. Efforts are, however, being made for concerts in the larger cities during the winter, in order that complete annihilation may not result.

Mr. Whitney Mockridge and Mrs. Annie Louise Tanner have joined Mons. Ovide Musin for a concert tour, and will form one of the most pleasing combinations on the road this season. They may be expected here early in November. Other probabilities are Mme. Albani and her company.

The prospectus of the Toronto College of Music is out with quite an imposing array of names including Messrs. W. O. Forsyth, T. C. Jeffers, Carl Martens, Dr. F. Stork, E. R. Doward, P. V. Greenwood, W. Elliott Haslam, John Bayley, H. L. Clarke, Arthur E. Fisher and A. Thom Cringan, while the ladies' side is represented by Miss Kerr, Miss Williams, Miss Maggie Perry, Miss Hillary and Miss Geikie. Besides these there are many others in the orchestral departments. This looks like a well-devised plan of teaching, and will doubtless meet with general acceptance.

The Canadian Society of Musicians invites composers, amateur or professional, to send in original works for performance at the next Convention. These works may be vocal, instrumental or choral, and should be in the Secretary's hands by November 1. I hope that this year will make a good showing in this respect, as we have many musicians in Canada who can write well enough and with enough originality to pass the ordeal of inspection, and also many to whom a gentle rejection may prove a wholesome stimulus to try and do better next time. The first examination for admission to the Society will also be held at the Convention. METRONOME.

English Tourists.

Mr. Thomas Merritt-Taylor of London, Eng., accompanied by Mrs. Taylor, her sisters Miss Bradshaw, Miss Helena Bradshaw, Mr. Lloyd Worthington and Captain Hawley were in Toronto for a day this week. They came in by the Cibola and after having lunch at Keachie's, the English Chop House, drove round the city and left by evening train for Kingston where they took the Thousand Islands route. Mr. Taylor is a prominent railway man.

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

McEACHERN—On August 13, at Toronto, Mrs. Donald McEachern—a daughter.

BAILLIE—On August 11, at Toronto, Mrs. R. C. Baillie—a son.

GREEY—On August 13, at Toronto, Mrs. John G. Greey—a son.

JUNOR—On August 14, at Toronto, Mrs. William Junor—a daughter.

ASSELSTINE—On August 8, at Kingston, Mrs. W. H. Asselstine—a daughter.

ANDERSON—On July 24, at Middleville, Lanark Co., Mrs. P. H. Anderson—a son.

BAWDEN—On August 10, at St. Catharines, Mrs. R. W. Lawrie—a son.

PATTERSON—On August 4, at Bluevale, Mrs. Archibald Patterson—a daughter.

BELT—On August 12, at Oshawa, Mrs. Reginald Belt—a daughter.

BURNET—On August 11, at Cobourg, Mrs. W. Burnet—a son.

GIROUARD—On August 12, at Quatre Vents, Dorval, Mrs. D. Girouard—a daughter.

KILT—On August 10, at Ottawa, Mrs. Wm. Kilt—a daughter.

KEEH—On August 10, at New Hamburg, Mrs. D. Keeh—a son.

LEIGH-SPENCER—On August 13, at Banstead Lodge, Eglinton, Mrs. O'L. Leigh-Spencer—a son.

LEVEE—On August 5, at Toronto, Mrs Louis S. Levee—a son.

PATCHING—On August 9, at Toronto, Mrs. R. Patching—a daughter.

BIRNIE—On August 1, at Collingwood, Mrs. John Birnie, Jr.—a son.

BOHME—On August 8, at Toronto, Mrs. H. J. Bohme—a daughter.

GALLAGHER—On August 9, at Toronto, Mrs. W. E. Gallagher—a son.

RAFUSE—On July 20, at Conquerall Bank, N.S., Mrs. Geo. Rafuse—a daughter.

STEPHENSON—On August 5, at Winnipeg, Man., Mrs. Fred. E. Stephenson—a daughter.

Marriages.

BROWN—COOK—On August 8, at the residence of the bride's mother, by Rev. Alex. Bell, David W. Brown to Melissa Cook, eldest daughter of the late John Cook, all of Peterboro'.

BALLANTYNE—YOUNG—On August 7, at Erie, by Rev. Robert Fowlie, assisted by Rev. W. C. Armstrong, Hillsburg, Rev. George Ballantyne, Mono Centre, to Mary Young, daughter of William Young.

CORNWALL—CHISHOLM—On July 27, at Windsor, by Rev. Canon Wagner, I. B. Cornwall to Jessie Chisholm, both of Windsor.

MCALLISTER—WOOD—On August 8, at Blackstock, by Rev. R. Hassard, Dr. McAllister to Nellie Wood, both of Blackstock.

MORPHY—KIRBY—On August 8, by Rev. G. H. Cobbledick, M.A., B.D., David Smith of Galt to Mary Elizabeth, second daughter of Mrs. Leonard Kirby, Guelph.

TAYLOR—MILLET—On July 18, at Chester Grant, N.S., by Rev. D. W. Crandall, Rev. Geo. B. Taylor of Chester, second son of London, Eng., to Marjorie A., eldest daughter of Joseph B. Millet of Chester Grant.

DEFIE—WETHERBY—At Fletcher, Vt., by Rev. C. H. Parsons, Joseph Deth of Abercorn, Que., to Lucy A. Wetherby.

IVEY—REID—On August 8, at Winnipeg, by Rev. J. H. Ruttan, Henry Ivey of Newbury, Berks, England, to Marion Reid, fifth daughter of the late James Reid of Toronto.

LEITCH—McLACHLAN—On August 6 at Brandon, by Rev. E. P. Flewelling, A. M. Leitch to Emma L. McLachlan, formerly of Campbellford, Ont.

WILFRED—CASHMAN—In New York City, by Rev. F. Crowell, George Wilfred of New York, to F. B. Cashman of Toronto.

HALL—BROWN—On August 13, at St. James' Cathedral, by Rev. J. K. Powell, B.A., Henry Bruce to Susan Amelia Hall, eldest daughter of William Hall, both of Markham Township.

VALE—MACDONALD—On August 13, by Rev. T. Edwards, W. H. Vale of Toronto, to Annie, daughter of R. Macdonald, Mimico.

GRAHAM—COLLINS—On August 8, at Port Burwell, by Rev. D. W. Eye, Wesleyan, assisted by Rev. A. D. Dewdney, Durham, J. H. Graham, Montreal, to Carrie, fourth daughter of John Collins.

HEYD—PERRY—On August 14, at Bowmanville, by Rev. R. D. Fraser, Fleming W. Heyes, to Lucy, second daughter of W. G. Perry, all of Toronto.

RUTTAN—MORPHY—On August 14, at St. Paul's church, by Rev. T. C. DesBarres, G. Fred Ruttan, barrister of Napanee, to Ella Charlotte, second daughter of the late H. B. Morphy of Toronto.

MICHIE—LANGFORD—On August 8, by Rev. Mr. Cameron, Mr. John Michie to Mrs. E. A. Langford, Toronto.

CLARKE—GIBSON—On August 8, at Brantford, by Rev. S. Lyle, S. H. Clarke, L. L. B., of the firm of Clarke & Wilmer, Essex Centre, to Maggie S., third daughter of D. Z. Gibson of Brantford.

SEWTON—STEVENSON—On August 8, at Strathroy, by Rev. L. Desilriny, John A. Newton to Martha, second daughter of A. Stevenson, all of S. Caradoc.

PORTER—HOODLESS—On August 8, at Hamilton, Clarkson Hoodless to Herbert C. Porter of Cleveland.

TINLING—RYALL—On August 5, at Hamilton, by Rev. Caton Curran, Charles Widdrington Tinling to Louisa Brett Georgina, youngest daughter of Doctor Isaac Ryall.

Deaths.

AUBERY—On July 21, at Mountain View, California, Edward Aubery, aged 40 years.

DORSEY—On August 7, at Seaforth, Bridget Dorsey, aged 55 years.

HIGGINBOTHAM—On August 12, at Toronto, Robert Higginbotham, aged 92 years.

LIGHTFOOT—On August 7, at Bowmanville, Thomas Lightfoot, aged 63 years.

LEE—At Toronto, William Lee, aged 25 years.

MADILL—On July 21, at Beaverton, Frank Madill, aged 7 weeks.

McHUGH—On August 2, at Maldstone, Peter McHugh, aged 73 years.

TOLLEY—On August 12, at Toronto, James B. Tolley.

WORTH—On July 31, at Bowmanville, Clarence Cornish, aged 1 year.

WEBSTER—On August 10, at Toronto, Harold Webster, aged 5 years.

GRAY—On August 12, at Toronto, Herman Gray, age 18 years.

WOODYATT—On August 12, at Brantford, Martha Woodyatt, aged 68 years.

McDONALD—On August 4, at Maple, John McDonald, sr., aged 58 years.

ARCHIBALD—On August 12, at Toronto, Dr. Charles Archibald, aged 50 years.

ANDERSON—On August 10, at Galt, James M. Anderson, aged 70 years.

BOULTBEE—On August 6, at Vancouver, Gertrude Boultbee, aged 8 years.

CAMERON—On August 9, at Chatham, P.Q., Donald Cameron, aged 29 years.

CARTHILL—On August 10, at Kingston, Ann Branigan Cartmill, aged 75 years.

CLOY—On August 12, at Thorold, Jeannie Gertrude Cloy, aged 16 years.

DERBY—On August 9, at Kingston, Esther Crawford Derry, aged 74 years.

JOHNSON—On August 9, at Montreal, Emily Starnes Johnson, aged 86 years.

LYNN—On August 12, at Otonabee, Mrs Joseph Lynn of Toronto.

McFARREN—On August 14, at Toronto, Martha Mulligan McFarren.

MARGRAF—At Mount St. Hilaire, P.Q., Karl Franz Borromeo Adolf Markgraf, late professor of McGill University, Montreal.

BELL—On August 10, at Toronto, Charles R. Bell, aged 69 years.

CASSIN—On August 8, at Puslinch, Annie Cassin, aged 24.

DOGGERELL—On August 6, at Chatham, Isabel Mary Doggerell, aged 6 months.

ELLINGSWORTH—On August 9, at Toronto, Annie Moore Ellingsworth, aged 62.

EAGER—On August 10, at Waterdown, Mrs. Joseph C. Eager, aged 75 years.

HEWER—On August 7, at Guelph, Mrs. John Hewer, aged 63 years.

LAWSON—At Westminster, George F. Lawson, B. A., aged 30 years.

MAYBERRY—On August 4, Wm. F. Mayberry, aged 57 years.

McAVOY—On August 9, at Pickering, Mary Kerr McAvoy, aged 52 years.

MALCOLM—On August 10, at Toronto, Margaret Malcolm, aged 81 years.

SHAW—On July 30, at Euphrasia, John Shaw, aged 42 years.

PATERSON—On August 10, at Toronto, Jane Strachan Paterson, aged 61 years.

MACMASTER—On July 31, at Liverpool, England, Mrs. Wm. Macmaster.

TURNER—On August 14, at Millbrook, Ont., Charlotte Turner.

TOVELL—On August 13, at Guelph, Jane Michie Tovell, aged 32 years.

WELTON—On August 10, at Brooklyn, N. Y., Horatio H. Welton, M. D., aged 30 years.

O'NEIL—On August 13, at Toronto, Bernard Joseph O'Neil.

CRUTHERS—On August 11, at North Bay, Bennie Cruthers, aged 6 years.

CALDWELL—On August 8, at Lanark Village, Boyd Caldwell, aged 69 years.

A Congressman's Popularity.

"How did Col. Ecks come to be elected to Congress?" asked a traveling man of a southwestern merchant. "I understand that he has been a resident here for only a comparatively short time."

"Yes, he hasn't lived here very long, but you see we kind o' took to him from the start. He got to be popular the first day he came here."

"How was that?"

"Well, we'd been having some pretty lively games of baseball between two cowboy nines, and we had run clean out of umpires. Col. Ecks was asked to umpire a game that was about to come off, and accepted right there. He got up behind the catcher, and the first ball was delivered. The man at bat smashed it and sent it straight for the first baseman's hands. He dropped it, but picked it up just in time to put it against the man, who was trying to slide in. Excitement was high, and every man had his eye on the umpire."

"Well, what did the colonel do?"

"He simply said 'out,' and quick as a flash whipped out a six shooter about eighteen inches long. He whirled in a circle and swept the crowd with the muzzle, as he inquired, 'gentlemen, is anybody kicking?' We all saw then that the Colonel was the right kind of a man to tie to, and he can go to Congress from this district just as often as he feels like it."

We omitted in our last number to draw the attention of dog fanciers to the fact that "The Hazel Bank Kennel" of Brantford has a fine selection of highly bred cocker spaniel, greyhounds and pointer pups for sale at most reasonable figures.

The Robber and the Traveler.

A Traveler who fell into the Hands of a Robber on the Highway and was Despoiled of all his money was inclined to Argue the Matter, saying:

"Come, now, but Convince Me that this is Just and Honest."

"I have nothing to offer," replied the Robber. "While I do the Robbing my Lawyer does the Talking, and we whack up even. When my duty ends his begins."

MORAL.

The Jury was out only five minutes before Returning a verdict of Not Guilty.

How to Obtain Sunbeams.

Every one should have them. Have what? Stanton's Sunbeam Photographs $1 per dozen. Studio southwest corner Yonge and Adelaide streets.

Music for One.

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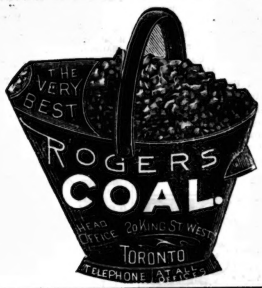

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